

1467.c24

P O E M S

O N

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

*Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musa,
Quarum sacra fero, ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant.——*

*Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amem silvasque inglorius.——* VIRGIL

Cameron

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MDCCLXXX.

P. O. L. M. S.

O. N. 11

VARIOUS SUBJECTS

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE performance entitled PANANA relates to the excellent mineral waters of Panauick in Aberdeenshire, in the north of Scotland. The present proprietor of them, Mr F——n of M——y, discovering, by repeated proofs, the extraordinary virtue of these Springs, purchased the land, that he might render the benefit of them more universally useful, by making the necessary improvements upon it. With this design, he has built several houses at the wells and in their neighbourhood, properly fitted for the accommodation of those who attend them. He has also much improved and adorned the adjacent ground, which is remarkably picturesque and pleasantly diversified by nature. To complete his generous purpose, he is at present principally engaged, with other public-spirited gentlemen, in building a bridge, near this place, over the Dee, a large and rapid river, which is much wanted here on many other accounts; but the work is now in great forwardness.

In answer to those who may object to my choice of subject, and the local situation of the scene described, I can only plead that excusable partiality which one naturally bears to the place of his birth, where he passes the cheerful morn of early youth, and which I can address in the pathetic strain of the Poet,

Ah! happy hills, ah! pleasing shade,

Ah! fields belov'd in vain;

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,

A stranger yet to pain!

GRAY.

The piece was indeed originally written, when I had no thought of its being ever known beyond the limits of the little spot which it describes. I wrote merely from the love of song and the love of my subject, which perhaps is more proper for poetical description than one of much greater-celebrity. The simplest prospect in the region of Nature is more acceptable to the Muse than the most splendid scenes of artificial grandeur. She delights more to dwell with the shepherd and his flock, in the humble and sequestered vale, than in the most refined and magnificent court of Europe. Here indeed she must ever appear, if not in a ludicrous character, at least below her native dignity, which disdains to attend minutely to the fopperies and formalities or the political intrigues of courtly life, where Nature is distorted and disguised under the false shew of treachery and dissimulation.

Few readers, I presume, now peruse the celebrated poem of *Abraham and Achitophel* with such pleasure as they receive from that of *The Deserted Village*; because the one is a representation of state-politics and party-rage, the other a description of

simple life and manners agreeable to Nature. A piece of the former kind will please only so long as the fleeting forms on which it is founded remain in vogue, or are particularly remembered: one of the latter sort will give equal pleasure while Nature continues invariable. The *Ethnic plot* or *Solymæan rout* of Dryden are subjects calculated only for a day or a season; while the native beauties of *Mantua* and of *Auburn*, however local and obscure they may appear in themselves, yet, as described by Virgil and Goldsmith, they are fitted to give delight to every feeling heart, in every age and nation.

Most of the other pieces in this small Miscellany were also written some years ago, without any design of ever being published. They are only a part of a larger collection of poems, which has been lately read by several persons of the most approved taste and judgment, who advised me to give a specimen of them to the Public. If the one now offered meet with any indulgence or approbation, considered as the first essays of youth, I shall be encouraged to think that what remains unpublished is entitled to equal honour.

to great honour.

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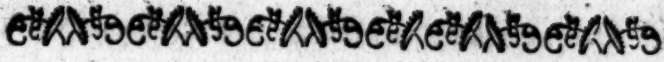
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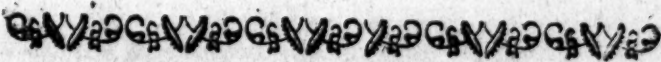
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P A N A N A,

DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

IN TWO PARTS.



CLASSIFICATION

P A N A

DESCRIPTIVE FORM

IN TWO PARTS

CLASSIFICATION

P A N A N A.

PART I.

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium. Hon.

I.

THE sun at length th' alternate Twins has pass'd,
And fierce from Cancer flames the radiant light;
While Winter, whirl'd along the northern blast,
Far distant howls amid the realms of night.

II.

All Nature now her fairest form resumes,
Deck'd by the rosy hand of genial Spring;
And balmy zephyrs waft their sweet perfumes,
As o'er the bloom they skim on downy wing.

III.

Now, while Aurora opes the gates of day,
And drops ambrosia o'er the lillied lawn,
Awake, my Muse, inspire my humble lay
To hail the beauties of the rising dawn.

IV.

Now let me stray along yon verdant meads,
Where stands PANANA's social, cheerful seat,
Wash'd by the Dee, who, proudly rolling, leads
His surgy stream around the deep retreat.

A

CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX

P A N A

DESCRIPTIVE FORM

IN TWO PARTS

CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX

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P A N A N A.

PART I.

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Where stands PANANA's social, cheerful seat,
Wath'd by the Dee, who, proudly rolling, leads
His surgy stream around the deep retreat.

A

V.

Here let the fair and cultur'd landscape warm
 And tune my fancy to describe its theme ;
 While modest Art improves each simple charm,
 That Nature rears, with her enlivening beam.

VI.

Where Nature frown'd, here Art now makes her smile,
 Here barren wastes in blooming orchards rise ;
 Such fruits and flowers, in such a stubborn soil,
 The wandering eye beholds with fond surprise.

VII.

The hoary mountains mingle with the sky,
 Whose bluish tops the spiry pine o'ershades :
 And birch with weeping willow seems to vie,
 In fragrant groves which vest the sloping glades.

VIII.

From steep to steep, dash'd down the ridgy hills,
 The fierce cascades hoarse lash th' obstructing mafs ;
 Till o'er th' enamell'd vales in branching rills
 They wander, oozing thro' the trembling grass.

IX.

Fair in the front, yon glittering bowers command
 An ample view of all th' expanse around ;
 While Love and Pleasure, sporting hand in hand,
 Wake brightly carols on th' enchanting ground.

Stanza 9. line 1. — *glittering bowers.*] Panana Lodge.

X.

So sweetly varied shews the rural scene,
That all bespeaks the Owner's taste refin'd :
But in the kind, humane design is seen,
In full display, the great and generous mind.

XI.

Still lead me onward, where, in grandeur pil'd,
Yon towering cliffs frown horrid o'er the dale ;
And hollow murmurs, echoing from the wild,
Strike solemn terror thro' the darkening vale.

XII.

Here let me climb the promontory's brow,
Catch inspiration from the lofty view ;
While, eying sheets of floating clouds below,
I seem to tread the pure ethereal blue.

XIII.

What rapt'rous prospects feed my ardent gaze !
Hills, dales, and groves, which Nature's gifts adorn ;
All mixing wild in sweet disorder'd maze,
All blooming fair and blushing to the morn !

XIV.

Hail, scenes endear'd ! where first I happy trode
The flowery paths of childhood and of youth ;
Of health and peace the safe, the chief abode :—
Still may your joys this pensive bosom sooth !

XV.

When smiling Nature wak'd her grateful praise,
 Bade all her works to harmony conspire;
 How burst my heart in warm responsive lays,
 To join the gladden'd universal choir!

XVI.

What time loud Tempest ravag'd all the clime,
 And threw his howling hurricanes around;
 How stood I rapt amid the scene sublime!
 How eager listen'd to the thundering sound!

XVII.

Nor winter's storm, nor summer's twilight gray,
 To me thus wandering ever wrought annoy,
 While 'mid the gloom, or led by Cynthia's ray,
 I sought mild melancholy's temperate joy,

XVIII.

All-bounteous Nature, source of prime delight!
 Whose every form has dignity to please,
 Whose only charms to rapture can excite,
 Or lull the mind to harmony and ease!

XIX.

Who thee forego, to herd with Fashion's throng,
 Or Mammon's slaves, and string the venal lyre,
 Ambition's tool; the shame of sacred song,
 Be such exil'd the free Pierian choir.

XX.

Ye tinsel'd toys, the work of mimic art,
The specious glare of pageantry and pride;
Can ye speak equal pleasure to the heart,
Or bid the pangs of swelling woe subside?

XXI.

A while ye may, in folly's maddening maze,
Confound and dazzle the unwary soul,
Suspend its force, and quench reflection's rays,
Which burst in tort'ring flames from such control.

XXII.

Within the gloom of yonder shadowing steep,—
Those shaggy grottos and sequester'd bowers;
There fancy free, and meditation deep,
Exert unbiass'd their unbounded powers.

XXIII.

These are her favourite haunts beneath the hill,
Where first my Muse, by native beauties fir'd,
In wild, unpolish'd notes essay'd her skill,
And careless sung as each fond theme inspir'd.

XXIV.

Here first I felt the pure, ecstatic flame,
Rais'd by the song of each enraptur'd Bard;
Which sudden darted through my vital frame:—
These dear companions all my wanderings shar'd.

XXV.

O ! might some portion of your heavenly fire
 Now wake my lay to emulate your strains,
 Or rouse me, with your rage to strike the lyre ;
 Ne'er should PANANA's yield to Mantua's plains.

XXVI.

Ne'er should its Springs maintain inferior fame
 To that which consecrates Blandusia's stream,
 Or what gives Helicon a deathless name,
 From pole to pole resounding long, supreme.

XXVII.

With Tiber still majestic Dee should vie ;
 Whose towering mountains and fierce, foamy tide
 First dar'd the Roman eagle's pride defy,
 That flew triumphant o'er the world beside.

St. 25. l. 4. — *Mantua's plains.*] The place of Virgil's nativity.

St. 26. l. 2. — *Blandusia's stream.*] A fountain celebrated by Horace.

St. 26. l. 3. *Or what gives Helicon, &c.*] A mountain in Greece, famous for its springs sacred to Apollo and the Muses ; particularly celebrated by Hesiod, who was born at a small city in its neighbourhood, viz. Ascra, whence he is called *Ascreus*. See his works.

St. 27. l. 2. *Whose towering mountains, &c.*] That great range of mountains, commonly called the Grampian hills, which, taking their rise on the coast of the Irish sea, and stretching across the country in a continued tract, run in one branch, parallel with the Dee, from its source in the head of Mar, till they fall with it into the German ocean a little southward of Aberdeen.

XXVIII.

Such spirit breath'd the Caledonian race
 Of ancient heroes, who repell'd the rage
 Of tyrant-sway and usurpation base;
 Who, unsubdued have stood 'in every age.

XXIX.

But see! yon wanly twinkling fire of morn,
 That late shone forth to rouse the shades of night,
 Of all its bright and boasted radiance shorn,
 Now dies, eclips'd in more resplendent light.

XXX.

Behold the pale and solemn face of dawn
 Begin to blush with heaven's eternal beam,
 Which instantaneous shoots o'er hill and lawn,
 And streaks the orient with a golden gleam!

XXXI.

Lo! now appears the glorious orb of day,
 Unclouded, blazing from the eastern clime,
 To cheer the world with vivifying ray,
 As round he triumphs in his course sublime.

It appears from Tacitus, and also from some antiquarians of our own country, that the Romans penetrated as far by land as Angus-shire in Scotland, which adjoins the Grampians. But there is no certainty that they ever passed these mountains, or at least the river Dee.

St. 27. l. 3. — *Roman eagle's pride defy.*] The figure of an eagle was the Roman standard.

St. 29. l. 1. — *twinkling fire of morn.*] Venus.

XXXII.

Down 'mid the western caves of yonder steep,
 As yet impervious to the spreading blaze;
 See drousy Darkness lingering still asleep,
 Unconscious of the near, unwelcome rays.

XXXIII.

But mark, my Muse! while now I venture nigh
 The hallow'd confines of that sunny brow:—
 Canst thou a tributary song deny,
 Where fam'd PANANA's liquid treasures flow?

XXXIV.

Salubrious Spring! whose gellid streamlets play,
 Spontaneous issuing from their mystic maze;
 Nor e'er increase, nor feel the least decay,
 From winter's blast nor summer's scorching blaze:

XXXV.

Whence, sacred Fount! thy healing virtues rare,
 That brace the nerves relax'd by pale Disease;—
 Each languid feature's faded bloom repair,
 Refresh the soul, and raging Pain appease?

XXXVI.

What fruitful source supplies th' incessant waste
 Of vital streams, which from thy cisterns flow,
 So well prepar'd to gratify the taste,
 To sooth the pang and plaint of human woe?

XXXVII.

What mineral strata, or metallic ore,
Yield powers which haughty rivals claim in vain?—
Who thus propitious sends thy watery store,
So pure and limpid from the briny main?

XXXVIII.

Thy stream the Stone's fierce torture can remove;
And stubborn Scrofula must own its sway:—
But ah! let lank Consumption shun to prove
Its fatal force, which aids his slow decay.

XXXIX.

The purple tide that stagnates in its course,
Which half-concocted crudities restrain,
Thy lymph dilutes, up to its vital source,
Infusing health through every tube and vein.

XL.

Thus Chloe's cheek acquires a purer bloom;
The graces from each glowing feature dart;
The vivid charms her youthful smiles assume,
To rapture wake the swain's impassion'd heart.

XLI.

The darken'd orb that courts the gloom of night,
And rues the radiance of the fervid ray,
Wash'd in thy wave, the eye-ball opes to light,
And glancing hails the brighten'd face of day.

XLII.

Thy virtues such, thou need'st no Muse's lays,
To make thee live immortaliz'd in song;
While favour'd votaries, with grateful praise,
From age to age thy deathless fame prolong.

XLIII.

—But who thus aids the heaven-contriv'd design,
That ever plans the weal of human kind:—
What bounteous hand, from impulse sure divine,
Completes the bliss which now in thee we find?

XLIV.

Who smooths the surface of the rugged rock,
And gently slopes it to the level plain;
Though once it seem'd, in savage pride, to mock
The vigorous step of the ascending swain?

XLV.

Who thus prepares the hospitable dome,
Where now thy suppliant, wandering from afar,
May find a safe and comfortable home;
Fenced from the shock of elemental war?

XLVI.

Without such aid thy streams had flow'd in vain,
Lost in a wild expos'd to changeful skies;
Where scarce thy patient could relief obtain,
Scarce find access to share the precious prize.

XLVII.

How else should limbs distemper'd, feeble, lame,
 With tottering pace e'er climb the craggy steep?
 How could the naked, sickly shivering frame
 Else bear the ruder, hyperborean sweep?

XLVIII.

—But ne'er let us ungratefully repine,
 That nearer suns no constant zephyrs bring;
 Nor still with genial, summer radiance shine,
 And o'er our vales diffuse perpetual spring.

XLIX.

What though we boast not of the luscious stores
 Of either Ind, their ever-blooming fields,
 Th' autumnal treasures of Hesperian shores;—
 Our temperate clime yet equal blessings yields.

L.

Tho' there, spontaneous, 'mid the opening bloom,
 The purple grape and golden orange grow;
 Yet Plague there digs his wide-devouring tomb,
 And furies prowl, deal death and dreadful woe.

LI.

Tho' waste and wild appear our northern plains,
 While wintry clouds the hilly summits hide;
 Yet here, pure health with peace and freedom reigns,
 And nature's wants are copiously supplied.

LII.

With this content, O never let us know
 The ills that wait on wealth's enormous growth;
 Disease and surfeit, which incessant flow
 From poison'd bowls of Luxury and Sloth.

P A N A N A.

P A R T II.

I.

WHAT radiant Image, so divinely fair
In native charms, beams on my dazzled eye!
Hither she seems her graceful steps to bear;
And in her hand a cup of ochre-dye.

II.

Her mantle broider'd like th' enamell'd vale;
Her heaving bosom half expos'd to view;
Her tresses waving on the balmy gale,
Impearl'd with moisture of the morning dew.

III.

As light she hies along, gay laughs the plain,
Fann'd by the zephyrs which around her play:—
Lo! heaven and earth a fresher aspect gain;
All seem to brighten in her genial ray.

IV.

Three female forms, enchanting to the sight,
In equal beauties with the Charmer vie;
Who sweetly smile in conscious fond delight:
And all, the scene, with pleas'd attention eye.

St. i. l. 4. ——— cup of ochre-dye.] A tinge which the
water of this Spring gives to its channel.

V.

Hail, bounteous Goddess! blest HYGEIA, hail!
 And hail ye Graces of celestial line!—
 Ah! what can Fortune's choicest gifts avail,
 Without the influence of your smiles benign!

VI.

“Long since commission'd from the realms above,
 By Heaven's decree,” (the Goddess thus replied)
 “With these my Offspring, Joy, Contentment, Love;
 Man's highest happiness I still provide.

VII.

Long had I reigned with universal sway,
 While simple nature was alone obey'd;
 In health and peace while rural ages gay,
 Quaff'd purest element beneath the shade.

VIII.

While man his pristine innocence retain'd,
 Nor yet was seiz'd by mad ambition's power;
 A lengthen'd term of happy years he gain'd:
 And still I cheer'd his sylvan, roseate bower.

IX.

Slowly he glided down life's flowery steep,
 Gently dissolv'd without or groan, or sigh,
 And sunk mature in th' arms of balmy Sleep,
 Who safe convey'd him to his native sky.

St. 5. l. 1. Hygeia] Goddess of Health.

X.

O! ye primeval days of bliss supreme,
When heaven and earth my gracious boon receiv'd,
When every face flush'd with my vivid beam,
When every heart with inward transport heav'd.

XI.

'Twas then I made stream, hill, and grove rejoice;
And one harmonious, general chorus raise:—
All Nature's works, in still accordant voice,
Pour forth a song of grateful, rapturous praise.

XII.

I reign'd supreme in this delightful age;
But thou, P A N A N A, wast my favourite seat:
Blest, temperate clime! remov'd from fatal rage
Of polar cold and sultry tropic-heat.

XIII.

O Springs renown'd! dear scenes of sacred sport,
When kindred Deities your borders grac'd;
And to your woodlands deign'd to make resort,
Your rural pleasures and your streams to taste!

XIV.

A shady grove beneath this mountain wav'd,
Sacred to P A N, which thence deriv'd its name;—
A name, now scarce from time's corruption sav'd,
The only vestige of its ancient fame.

XV.

The sylvan God had there a lov'd retreat;
His rustic gambols there were constant held;
While minstrel-fays, still quiring, cheer'd his seat,
Till all the air with sounds enchanting swell'd.

XVI.

Wood-nymphs and Naiads, every watery Power,
Here drank and frolick'd round my sacred shrine;
And from these springs libations wont to pour;
Whose streams I bless'd with energy divine.

XVII.

Myriads of Elves in green and gold array'd,
As northern lights quick o'er the ether glance;
(While lunar beams shot quivering thro' the shade)
To choral warblings wak'd th' aerial dance.

XVIII.

The tuneful Mermaids, genii of the deep,
Sprung from the Dee, have oft high perching stood
And sleek'd their sea-green locks on yonder steep,
Then plung'd afresh into the glassy flood.

XIX.

Oft have they sung harmonious to the sound
Of streamlets murmuring thro' the cypress grove,
Or woodland songsters charming, far around
Each hill and dale, with melting lays of love.

XX.

Full many an age, conceal'd from human eyes,
These Springs have ripen'd in the womb of earth;
Yet Fate decreed their ancient fame should rise
In days far distant, by a second birth.

XXI.

I left the sky to watch this wish'd-for date,
And long to man have tender'd life and health;
Who basely courts, degenerate and ingrate,
Intemperance, Luxury, the brood of Wealth.

XXII.

With these abhorr'd I wage eternal war;
To shun their hostile haunts have ever strove:
The gorgeous palace and the gilded car
I fly, for hamlet, hill, and shady grove.

XXIII.

In loathsome cities, where the demons rage
Amid the chaos of perpetual smoke;
Their force superior I can ne'er engage:
My votaries there in vain my aid invoke.

XXIV.

Thus harass'd long, I quit my once lov'd seat,
In southern climes of Albion's favourite Isle;
To enjoy the freedom of a safe retreat,
To pour my treasures in a grateful soil.

XXV.

Here now I seem to taste primeval joys,
 Remov'd from peril of my cruel foes,
 Pure, genuine bliss which ne'er deceives nor cloy,
 But still from Nature's charms untainted flows.

XXVI.

Here, with the cheerful swain, I climb the hills,
 And roam the vales with fairest flowerets crown'd;
 Whose opening blossoms sip the silver rills,
 That trickle thro' my consecrated ground.

XXVII.

With him I rest on beds which Flora strows,
 To him I cheer the plain, sequester'd cell;
 Where toil and temperance yield a sweet repose,
 Where peace and pleasure with retirement dwell.

XXVIII.

What time the Morning, mantled o'er with gray,
 Attentive hears the lark's aerial song;
 Hither I come with heart elate and gay,
 Brushing the dew-drops as I move along.

XXIX.

These crystal Springs, impregnated with health,
 By Heaven's decree are made afresh to flow;—
 More dear to me than all the stores that Wealth
 Can on his hated progeny bestow.

St. 29. l. 4. ——— *hated progeny*] Luxury and Intemperance.

XXX.

The winged courser, whose impetuous pace
 Struck rills poetic from th' Aonian mount,
 Flew from the precincts of ethereal space,
 Deep stamp'd the rock and op'd my ancient fount.

XXXI.

This colour'd cup, the badge I still have born,
 Ne'er fum'd with rank, intoxicating steam :
 Tho' now its handle constant use has worn,
 Nought ever stain'd it save the limpid stream.

XXXII.

Tho' Sirius reign, and glare with fiery sway,
 I can with this his baleful rage defy :
 Tho' Boreas frown and bloat the blazing day ;
 My bosom bare outbraves the stormy sky.

St. 30. l. 1. *The winged courser, &c.*] Pegasus, who is said to have first opened the Springs of Helicon, by striking the mountain with his hoof, as he flew over it to heaven, where he became one of the celestial constellations. Hence the fountain is denominated Hippocrene.

See OVID. Met. lib. 5. fab. 4.

St. 31. l. 3. *Though now its handle, &c.*] The image is taken from that relating to Silenus, one of whose insignia is thus described :

Et gravis adtrita pendebat cantharus ansa.

VIRG. Silen.

XXXIII.

The frame that shrinks beneath my simple cure,
 Maim'd or enfeebled by my bloody foes,
 Such fierce extremes could never here endure,
 Without the aid which Public-Zeal bestows.

XXXIV.

Propitious Power, man's bliss and pride assign'd !
 In whom I now my highest honour prove,
 Whose warm embrace grasps all the human kind,
 Whose heart expands with universal love !

XXXV.

By Thee I exercise imperial sway,
 By Thee my altar pours incessant flame ;
 Thou to my hallow'd shrine hast pay'd the way,
 And spread abroad my now reviving fame.

XXXVI.

Thy liberal hand has rear'd these sheltering piles,
 Where safe my votary may his bliss enjoy,
 Where kind Benevolence presiding smiles,
 Where nought intrudes that can the least annoy.

XXXVII.

How sweet to sit in these delightful bowers,
 While beauteous landscapes to the view appear ;
 The hills with woods, the vales adorn'd with flowers :
 And Joy, Contentment, Love, the scene endear !"

XXXVIII.

—This said, the Goddess with her Train drew nigh,
 Immediate plunged and mingled with the stream:
 And nought appear'd, save to th' astonish'd eye,
 The wave now sparkling in the solar beam.

XXXIX.

Flow tuneful streamlets, join the rural strain,
 While now the Muse upon your margent sings.
 Long! may HYGEIA unmolested reign
 The sovereign Naiad of your sacred Springs!

XL.

Bloom fair ye sylvan scenes in peace and health;
 What Nature craves let Industry redress;
 But ne'er let violence of exuberant wealth
 Infest your borders, or your mirth oppress.

XLI.

—Rise then PANANA, far extend thy name;
 And long! may Public-Zeal thy guardian stand,
 Support thy honours in unrivall'd fame,
 And shed his spirit o'er a happy land.

A FAREWELL TO DEE-SIDE.

I.

YE scenes of contentment and glee,
Where Peace and pure Innocence dwell;
Ye musical woodlands of Dee,
I now bid these woodlands farewell.

II.

How oft, in the sweet, birchen bower,
Secure from the world's rude alarms,
Have I sat with Retirement, mild Power!
And tasted her delicate charms!

III.

How oft have I hied to the hill,
On Fancy's impetuous wing;
Or mus'd by the side of the rill,
Nor envy'd or Caesar or king!

IV.

Unfetter'd by fashion or mode,
Pure Nature held absolute sway,
In the cheerful, the peaceful abode,
Where Love and sweet Liberty stray.

V.

I priz'd o'er the juice of the vine,
Yon fountain so highly renown'd;
Where Health has erected her shrine,
And deals her free favours around.

VI.

Ye shepherds who frolic and toy
On the flowery, green margins of Dee,
Rejoice in the bliss you enjoy,
From pride and ambition set free.

VII.

When I think on the charms of the Plain,
What raptures my bosom shall sooth!
When I think on each nymph and each swain,
That I lov'd in my childhood and youth!

VIII.

But to you my heart chiefly must warm,
Ye pride of the pastoral throng!
Ye souls whom the beauties can charm
Of harmony, nature, and song!

IX.

That day, when I dare to desry
The pleasure such beauties inspire,
May the Muse her sweet solace deny,
And untune both my tongue and my lyre!

St. 5. l. 2. *Yon fountain*—] Pananick-Wells.

X.

Enjoying thy converse refin'd,
 O — how I pitied the croud,
 To folly and fashion resign'd,
 The thoughtless, the pert, and the proud !

XI.

The endearments of no foreign clime
 Shall estrange the lov'd scene of my youth,
 The nurse of instruction sublime,
 Of virtue, sincerity, truth.

XII.

Farewell, ye dear nymphs and ye swains,
 Be innocent, happy and free.
 Farwell, my dear, native green plains,
 The rural retirements of DEE.

L U X U R Y,

A P O E M.

Savior armis

Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem:

Nullum crimen abest.

Juv. Sat. 6.

I.

WIDE-WASTING Luxury! what evils grow
Where thou art seen imperious to preside!
What groans are heav'd of heart-corroding woe,
Beneath the mask of thy associate Pride!

II.

Pernicious brood! sprung from Tartarean gloom,
How happy man before he knew your art!
Before your power had seal'd his fatal doom,
Unner'd his body and unman'd his heart!

III.

What endless mischiefs, thro' a ravag'd world,
Have still been wrought by your destructive sway!
What mighty empires to perdition hurl'd,
To Rapine, Discord, Murder, sunk a prey!

D

IV.

These demons, ever in your train conceal'd,
 Spread ruin wide, as ye the way prepare ;
 Infest the tribes that graze the flowery field,
 And those that wing the tracts of liquid air.

V.

Lo ! where, with treacherous allurements gay,
 Ye stalk in state, the virtues soon remove :
 Truth, piety, benevolence decay,
 With friendship, pity, loyalty and love.

VI.

The Muses rosy, with these your presence fly,
 And scorn your cruel, arrogant control ;
 While lust of lucre, pride and apathy,
 Benumb and freeze the sympathetic soul.

VII.

What numbers groan by your oppressive might,
 By anguish, pain and penury distressed !
 While ye engross what, if dispens'd aright,
 Their wants and grievances were all redress'd.

St. 4. l. 4. *And those that wing, &c.* A celebrated Naturalist, speaking of domestic birds pampered with luxury, says, " Et vous retrouvez chez eux les premiers effets du luxe, et les maux de l'opulence, libertinage et paresse.

Burton sur la nat. des Ois.

VIII.

Impell'd by you, the realm to virtue lost,
 While honest poverty is priz'd no more;
 How many now, its bulwark and its boast,
 Indignant, sad, forsake their native shore!

IX.

'Tis ye that waste and sadden all the plain,
 And breed the woe of desperate human-kind;
 Who, daily pamper'd with your spoils profane,
 In millions fall to timeless death consign'd.

X.

Ah! see yon frisking lambkin of the dale,
 In pride of youth doom'd to your bloody knife;
 Ah! how he begs, in vain, with infant-wail,
 To spare a while his blooming, harmless life!

XI.

His sorrowing dam beholds him dragg'd away,
 And screams aloud while now her darling dies.—
 Hark! Echo, piteous of the sad affray,
 Joins from her rocky cell the piercing cries.

St. 8. l. 1. *Impell'd by you, &c.*] Alluding partly to the emigrations from different parts of Great Britain, which were frequent some years ago when these stanzas were written.

St. 10. and 11. *Ah! see yon frisking lambkin, &c.*
 The thoughts in these two stanzas were suggested by that

XII.

Nor den of Alpine fiend, in carnage bred,
 Such rueful heaps of mangled limbs surround?
 Nor Afric's wilds such streams of gore o'erspread;
 As in your doleful, murderous haunts abound.

XIII.

All Nature groans, and sheds a purple flood,
 Beneath your cruel and infuriate jaw;
 While earth, sea, sky, pour deluges of blood,
 To feed your still insatiate, ravenous maw.

tender and beautiful description of Lucretius on the same subject; Lib. 2.

At *mater virideis saltus orbata peragrans*, &c.

Also by that passionate exclamation of Ovid,

Quam male consuecit, quam se parat ille cruori,
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus, similes puerilibus, hædum
Edentem jugulare potest: &c. OVID. Met. lib. 15.

The Muse here recoils against mentioning the more tyrannical cruelty every hour practised on innocent and useful animals in the butcheries of the luxurious, by making them suffer the most painful and lingering tortures for the momentary gratification of a squeamish and vitiated palate.

As man is appointed, by Heaven, master of the inferior creation, it is reasonable to suppose that he will be accountable for his trust in this respect as well as in every other. But a humane and tenderly disposed heart, which is his greatest excellence, and which makes him benevolent to his own species, will also render him compassionate towards creatures of a lower order, and more so, because he is possessed of absolute authority over them from which they have no refuge nor appeal.

XIV.

Fly hence, destroyers fell ! nor dare profane
 The rural scene with sacrilegious tread,
 Where temperance, health, and calm contentment
 reign,
 Nor o'er the plain your devastation spread.

XV.

Hence ! to where Comus and his grovelling crew,
 Till morn prolong the riot of the night ;
 Involv'd in city-smoke the day they rue,
 And shun, abash'd, the face of dawning light.

XVI.

Or headlong plunge, and gorge your native slime,
 Where Phlegeton rows on his rankling stream ;
 Nor more, with gory, vulture-talons climb
 To regions cheer'd by day's refulgent beam.

XVII.

Such is the strain of ruth and generous rage,
 That would from sympathy indignant flow ;
 If Slaughter, in a pure and perfect age,
 Should fill the peaceful vale with blood and woe.

XVIII.

But ah ! my Muse, in these degenerate days,
 Thou must restrain the bold, impassion'd lay ;
 Corruption's power against it loud inveighs :—
 Yet, we must yield to Imperfection's sway.

XIX.

—Still, why should man, the guardian of the plain,
 In wanton sport its harmless train annoy,
 Spread desolation o'er his fair domain;—
 Why should he reign to torture and destroy?

XX.

If yet his heart so much delight in gore,
 The prowling savage let his rage assault;
 That by his death he may in part restore
 The peace first broken thro' his own default.

XXI.

Be this the godlike attribute of man,
 The ruling purpose of the gentle breast,
 Still prone to second Heaven's propitious plan,
 That first design'd and spoke creation blest.

XXII.

Be his to feel each creature's weal or woe,
 To breathe the spirit of eternal love:
 This best can title him to rule below;
 Or hope like mercy from the POWERS above.

XXIII.

How blest the days of simple, early age,
 When Love and Peace held absolute command;
 Ere Pride and Luxury began to rage,
 And roll destruction over sea and land!

[St. 20. l. 4. The peace first broken, &c.] See Stan. 44.

XXIV.

Propitious skies, perpetual mildness shed
 On every clime, in this elysian reign;
 And Ceres, with Pomona, largely spread
 Spontaneous gifts o'er all their joint domain.

XXV.

Nor lawless lust, nor thirst of blood, yet knew
 The happy, generous fires of human race;
 Nor savage fierce could then with death pursue
 The weaker prey, in vengeful, cruel chase.

XXVI.

Then fed the lion with the lambkin gay;
 Whose snowy train nor felt nor fear'd annoy.
 The stag and tyger mix'd in social play;
 And all was love and universal joy.

XXVII.

Never could then the gentle shepherd-swain
 In tyrant-rage on gory rapine feed;
 With ruthless fang torn from th' ensanguin'd plain:—
 Ah! no; such thought had made his bosom bleed.

XXVIII.

The scrip with herbs and nectar'd fruitage stor'd,
 His food supplied, his drink, the chrystal rill;
 And Nature's flowery carpet spread his board,
 O'erhung by pines that fringed the fruitful hill.

XXIX.

Meanwhile the goat graz'd on the verdant brow,
 That rose refresh'd by heaven's ambrosial gale.
 The lowing herds and fleecy flocks below,
 All sportive wanton'd on the level vale.

XXX.

Nor mountains then were bleak and barren seen,
 Nor hanging rocks appal'd the ranging eye;
 But all were crown'd with rich eternal green,
 And easy swell'd amid the scented sky.

XXXI.

Then would the Bard, immers'd in musings deep,
 Enraptur'd listen to glad Nature's choir;
 His sacred harp to notes accordant sweep,
 Rais'd soft and strong from true poetic fire.

XXXII.

From myrtle bowers love's broken numbers stole;
 While nymphs and swains indulg'd its generous
 flame;—
 A flame which warms and elevates the soul,
 To high resolves and deeds of brightest fame.

XXXIII.

Fair Cytherea, musical and mild,
 Sat by inspiring the mellifluous strains;
 On all her votaries auspicious smile'd,
 In scenes more sweet than fabled Cyprian plains.

XXXIV.

This happy train ne'er strove their hearts to hide,
Nor artful fraud, nor jealous caution knew;
Unaw'd by power, uncheck'd by scoffing pride,
Then soul to soul with purest rapture flew.

XXXV.

Still open, kindly, simple, and sincere,
They liv'd in love, nor strife their peace destroy'd;
To each, another as himself was dear;
Each, others blessings as his own enjoy'd.

XXXVI.

Yet, mad Revenge, that foams and pants for blood,
With howling Cerberus had gnaw'd his chain.
Yet, rancorous Envy, from the Stygian flood,
Had never dar'd to rear her sneaky train.

XXXVII.

None wish'd with narrow, avaritious aim,
In hoarded stores a selfish trust to place;
Nor wealth nor title privileg'd to claim
Undue dominion o'er the heav'n-born race.

XXXVIII.

Ne'er had been heard the sophist's syren-voice,
Which cruel lures the heedless to its snare,
Blasts every hope that makes the soul rejoice,
And leaves it lost, abandon'd to despair.

XXXIX.

Nor yet had Fashion's stiff and stern grimace;
 Quench'd Nature's eloquent and fervent flame;
 Nor strutting Pride, with fix'd and formal face,
 Had mimic'd shy reserve of generous shame.

XL.

Nor guile yet taught, by meretricious art,
 In shew, each inward feeling to belie;
 But pure and ardent from the honest heart,
 Truth flush'd the cheek and sparkled in the eye.

XLI.

—But ah! what woes o'erwhelm'd those happy days,
 When boundless lust of tyranny and wealth,
 'Gan sear the human mind, its powers debase
 To barbarous arts of rapine, fraud and stealth!

XLII.

Then fell Oppression ravag'd hill and vale,
 To glut his maw with sacrilegious spoils;
 While plunder'd Innocence was left to wail
 Amid his cruel, desolating broils.

XLIII.

Shock'd at the base impiety of man,
 Astrea with her kindred Gods then fled the earth.—
 Then Nemesis her vengeful sway began;
 And every mortal woe hence dates its birth.

XLIV.

Then discord, plague, disease, and carnage rag'd
 Thro' all the tribes that peopled sea and land:
 But human kind in these were chief engag'd;
 They still destroy'd with Slaughter's bloodiest brand.

XLV.

Now hung the tyger at the heifer's throat,
 The harpy-vulture made the thrush his prey;
 And stopp'd the tenor of his tuneful note,
 Which sweetly warbled from the bloomy spray.

XLVI.

Then clash'd the elements to curse the Earth,
 Blasted her soil, vindictive pour'd apace
 Fierce heats and storms to check her early birth;
 Which ever since have scourged a wayward race.

XLVII.

At last the clamour of the guilt extreme
 Obstreperous pierc'd the sky; till Heaven sublime
 Stamp'd deeper vengeance, by decree supreme,
 On all below, for man's rebellious crime.

St. 43. l. 2. *Astrea with her kindred Gods, &c.*] Goddess of Justice.

— l. 3. *Then Nemesis, &c.*] Goddess of Punishment.
 See Hesiod's Theogony, v. 223

St. 46. l. 1. *Then clash'd the elements, &c.*

Jupiter antiqui contraxit tempora veris;
 Perque biemes aestusque et inæquales autumnos—

OVID. Met.

XLVIII.

—Forth flew the volley'd thunderbolts amain,
 In sunder rending th' empyréan vault :
 From high Olympus to th' infernal reign,
 All Nature trembled at the dread assault.

XLIX.

Loud warring winds, th' Æolian monarch's care,
 Notus and Boreas burst their brazen caves ;
 And rushing furious thro' the troubled air,
 Shook from their humid wings the streaming waves.

L.

Fierce they encountered on the bellowing deep,
 Hurl'd boisterous billows cross each verdant strand,
 Heav'd foaming surges o'er each mountain-steep ;
 Till boundless ocean whelm'd the guilty land.

LI.

From black embattled clouds sprang sable Night,
 With all her horrors, to complete the doom,
 And darken'd day, save where, to dash the sight,
 Red, forked lightening flash'd athwart the gloom.

St. 49. l. 1. ——— *th' Æolian monarch's care.*]

————— Hic vasto rex Æolus antro

Luctantis ventos, tempestatesque sonoras

Imperio premit.

VIRG. Æneid.

LII.

Such were the crimes, and such their awful fate,
Which drew the deluge all the earth around,
Which still on Luxury's dominion wait,
The kingdoms crush in ruin's dark profound.

A N A D I E U
TO THE
MARISCHAL COLLEGE OF ABERDEEN.

Written in the year 1774.

PROFITIOUS Parent of my tutor'd mind!
With whom seraphic Science sits inshrined;
Deign to accept, with wonted aspect mild,
The humble tribute of a grateful child.

Illustrious Nurse of arts and learning sound,
Whose praise now echoes all the realm around!
Now kings and courts are proud to merit fame,
By rearing trophies to thy honour'd name.

With thee Philosophy in triumph goes,
Adorn'd with spoils of all her vanquish'd foes:
Set free at length from metaphysic-chains,
The verbal wrangling of distemper'd brains,
The rage of system and its cumbrous rules,
With all the jargon of polemic schools;
She now regains her long usurped place,
And shines majestic in her native grace.
Proud of the triumph, now the sacred Nine,
Parnassus, Pindus, and their springs resign,
To grace the happier Caledonian plain,
Where Science, Harmony, and Freedom reign.

Ye blooming candidates for honest praise,
 The lov'd companions of my early days;
 Of you I sing with sadly-melting heart,
 To think that now we may for ever part.
 No more shall we enjoy sweet social hours,
 Within these sacred Academic bowers!
 Led by these Sages we, alas! no more
 The solemn haunts of Wisdom shall explore;
 Imbibe their precepts, and their parts admire,
 And catch some portion of their heavenly fire!

Long may these champions in the cause of Truth,
 Direct the steps of weak, unwary youth,
 To shun th' ensnaring sophistry of those
 Who would her fix'd, eternal laws oppose!
 And still may ALMA MATER rise renown'd,
 To see her sons with fairest laurels crown'd!

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

MISS AM-L-A-F-Q-----N OF IN-----D,

Who died Jan. 2. 1780.

I.

RELENTLESS Death! whose all-devouring sway
Sweeps youth and beauty timeless to the tomb;
Now fair AM-L-A falls thy early prey,
Her graces glowing in their brightest bloom.

II.

She heard from far thy loud, determin'd call,
Receiv'd her doom with resignation mild;
Nor did thy frown her steady soul appal,
Against thy brandish'd dart serene she smil'd.

III.

While feeling friends stood by in silent grief,
Nor could restrain the sudden starting tears;
'Midst pungent pain she instant feign'd relief,
And bade gay hope dispel their anxious fears.

IV.

Ye vain and gay, who bask in Fortune's beam,
And proudly swell in grandeur's pageant state;
How frail the bliss ye may substantial deem,
Now lowly learn from fall'n *Am-l-a's* fate.

V.

Did kindlier planets shine upon your birth?
Did childhood's dawn presage a brighter day?—
Say, can your youthful years boast fairer worth,
More truth and lovely tenderness display?

VI.

Ah! conscious dignity, exempt from pride,
With virgin grace and gentlest manners join'd!
Ah! native charms, of formal art devoid,
Expressing inborn harmony of mind!

VII.

Heaven saw such virtues rising too sublime,
To flourish long in this sojourn impure;
And, kind, remov'd them to a happier clime,
Where all their glories might appear mature.

VIII.

Seraphic shade! accept this funeral tear,
Which o'er thy tomb the Muse is mov'd to shed;
And now forbids thy mournful hallow'd bier,
To mix, unsung, among the vulgar dead.

E L E G Y

*On the Death of a BROTHER, who died in
the West Indies in autumn 1776.*

*For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.*

MILT. LYCID.

I.

AND art thou gone? my soul's best, dearest part!
And can I never, never see thee more?—
To whom shall I now pour my plaintive heart,
Since thou liest breathless on a foreign shore?

II.

Was it to urge this timeless, cruel fate,
That we endur'd the pang of parting love?—
Was it to hasten thy unhappy date,
I saw thee, sorrowing, from the plain remove?

III.

Ah! why didst thou, too vent'rous, seek to roam
Beyond these vales with health and safety blest?—
Why seek to plow the hoar Atlantic foam,
To view the isles which Plague's alarms infect?

IV.

O mad ambition ! curs'd desire of gold !
Thou pregnant source of every mortal woe !
Whose hapless votaries, desperately bold,
Dare every danger, every bliss forego.

V.

No more, alas ! shall we together stray,
Or climb the hill, or skip along the glade,
Or sit at noon and wake th' alternate lay,
Amid the fragrance of the birchen shade.

VI.

Lamented youth ! crop'd in thy early prime !
As when a flower, emitting first perfume,
Is quick transplanted to a parched clime ;
Just blown and blasted in its fairest bloom.

VII.

Though fate forbids this willing hand to pay
Due obsequies to thy endear'd remains ;
The grateful Muse, though sad, shall yet essay
To sooth thy shade, in warm, tho' artless strains.

VIII.

While now I consecrate this funeral song,
An honest tribute to thy spotless fame ;
Each grove and grotto, as I move along,
I'll teach to echo lovely DAMON's name.

IX.

Thy dirge once sung, I'll seek some distant hill,
And hang my harp upon a blasted spray,
Beside some dark and melancholy rill,
Accordant to the owl's nocturnal lay.

X.

Ye shepherd's gay! I must your sport forego,
And stray alone, from noisy mirth remote;
'Tis meet that I should now indulge my woe,
And to deep sorrow all the day devote.

XI.

Ye feeling minds! say, can I now but mourn?
Say, can ye blame this pious, bursting tear,
When from my inmost bosom all is torn,
That in a brother and a friend was dear?

XII.

O wasteful Autumn! how I dread thy power!
So fatal to each blooming flower and tree;
But now thy hand has pluck'd the fairest flower,
Which made it summer all the year to me.

XIII.

Ye naked groves! why should I mourn for you?
Spring shall return and breathe prolific air,
Inspire your song and all your bloom renew;
But ah! it ne'er can my sad wrong repair.

XIV.

Yet hark ! fresh sounds of woe assault my ears,
And mock the hope of fixing on relief :
The wail of parents, friends, all bath'd in tears,
Swells full the tide of soul-subduing grief.

XV.

Twice ten revolving summers saw our hearts,
With lengthening time still more and more unite ;
Now ruthless Death the sacred band disparts,
And seals thy eyes in shades of endless night.

XVI.

No, tyrant ! no : his image still I'll bear
Engraved deep in this devoted breast :
Yet, we shall join, and bliss perpetual share,
Which never more thy terrors dare molest.

V E R S E S

Occasioned by reading

Dr BLAIR'S SERMONS.

RELIGION mild, perverted long by pride
And tyrant power, was humbled to preside
O'er thousand realms with universal sway,
Compel a blinded, trembling world t' obey;
To shake the kingdoms, make their millions groan
And dash th' apostate monarch from his throne;
To speak in foreign tone of demon-ire,
Consign to hell with anathema's dire.

How long her simple majesty disguis'd,
By cumbrous garb in puzzling schools devis'd!
Her heavenly voice of charity and peace
How rais'd seditious party to increase!
Or speak in drousy, canting, formal phrase,
Still tracing round the trite mysterious maze!

Thus has she fallen the butt of Fashion's leer,
Of Sceptic-scorn and Wit's contemptuous sneer;
Thus, represented, in the basest view,
Judged only fit to awe the vulgar crew.

But cease, ye noisy witlings of the age,
Since Truth now brightens in the classic page;
Since pure Religion, scorn'd, devoid of aid,
Now shines in native dignity array'd;

And wakes her voice in simplest, purest strain,
Announcing pardon by a Saviour slain;
'Twixt each extreme, still safe is found to steer,
Of faith and charity, of hope and fear;
O'er Sinai's height to Calvary ascends,
Before the cross with lowly reverence bends.

See, some espouse the systematic cause,
Abjure morality and reason's laws;
Still run unvarying the long-beaten round
Of loose-patch'd phrase and words of sacred sound;
To shake the sinner, still profoundly tell,
That virtue leads to heaven, and vice to hell;
That human efforts must alone be vain,
The gifts of grace and endless bliss to gain.

Some, to display discernment, learning, wit,
Explain anew each term of holy writ;
Awake Socinus from the silent tomb,
And combat all the slaughter'd hosts of Rome;
Pursue the Sceptic close through Pyrrho's maze,
Transcending Paul, the godlike Plato praise.

Thus sacred Truth, by struggling factions toss'd,
Low wounded lies, amid the tumult lost.
But now the heavenly Maid ascends on high,
And beams complacent thro' the cloudless sky.
No foreign dyes her native charms distain,
But all appear harmoniously plain.
No fen-born fog or meteor's devious glare
Disturbs the pure serenity of air;

But through the medium spotless and refin'd,
She shines direct upon the human mind.
Thus the bright mirror shews its object true,
Which, while with pleasure we attentive view,
The artist's matchless skill escapes our sight,
The source of all our wonder and delight.
Nor does the Goddess light life's onward way
With weakly quivering, cold and borrow'd ray,
But guides the pilgrim with his woes oppress'd,
Safe through each winding path to endless rest;
Inspects each movement of the secret soul,
Informs, engages, animates the whole.

Hark! how she teaches man to reconcile
The doom of Justice with kind Mercy's smile;
Cheers Worth despondent, checks assuming Pride,
And bids the best with trembling joy confide;
Tells cold Morality how vain his aim
To merit heaven, unmov'd by pious flame;
That boasted piety is impious scorn,
Till moral rectitude the life adorn;
That not presumptuous crimes shall damn alone,
But partial or omitted duty known.

See! how she pours her balm into the heart
Transpierced by treacherous Fortune's wanton dart;
How warns the prosperous, giddy and the gay,
Of fiends and vipers lurking in their way;
Prescribes sobriety to forward youth,
Devotion, modesty, and simple truth;

Displays the dignity of hoary age,
When honour, peace, and wisdom crown the sage.

Lo! how she sooths each passion wild to rest,
With calm and gentleness inspires the breast;
Abstracts the soul from sordid cares of earth,
To view itself, to know its weight and worth,
Against a warring world to arm secure,
That each assault it may unmov'd endure;
That, strengthen'd with internal hope and force,
It may in triumph close its destin'd course.

Behoves thee, sure, O man! these truths to hear,
To weigh with candour, practise and revere.
'Tis she, Religion, speaks in sweetest strain,
Severely chaste and elegantly plain;
Conveying knowledge of importance high,
Inviting mortals to their native sky.

M E D I O C R I T Y,

A P O E M.

I N T H R E E P A R T S.

— *medio tutissimus ibis.* OVID.

P A R T I

E U P H R O S Y N E or J O Y.

LAUGHTER-LOVING, ruddy Fair!

Foe to thought and pining care;

Let me pass the day with thee,

All in wit and mirth and glee,

Festive dance and revelry,

Wanton jokes and jollity.

Charm'd by thee I now disdain

Contemplation's leaden train,

Solemn, pensive, and severe,

Dark of mind, of brow austere.

Hence I leave the hoary sage,

Moping o'er his peevish page;

Mammon's drudges, griping, old,

Digging, starving, still for gold;

Full of labour, full of care,
 Haply for base, thankless heir.
 Lead me, Goddess! from the cells,
 Where pale Melancholy dwells;
 From her dull, terrific shades,
 Rugged rocks and gloomy glades.
 Lead me to the lillied lawn,
 Where thou lov'st, at early dawn,
 Gladsome to salute the morn,
 Of the Ocean newly born:—
 Where, disporting ever gay,
 All the live-long summer day,
 With the cheerful nymphs and swains,
 Tenants of the verdant plains;
 Thou presidest o'er the throng,
 Still awak'nt anew the song.
 Where the shepherds meet at eve,
 And the toils of day relieve;
 There thou lead'st the festive train,
 Frisking to thy lively strain.

Glancing through the neighbouring brake,
 Dapper elves their ditties wake;
 Rich in gold and gems array'd,
 Far emblazing all the shade.
 Now they part, and now they join,
 Now they form the starry line,
 Instant in the circle meet,
 Tripping light with flying feet.

Now in myriads mounting high,
 Quick they sweep the dewy sky.
 Now they seek the haunted stream,
 Sliding down the lunar beam.

When stern winter rules the year,
 Then to cities throng'd we steer,
 Mix among the jovial crew
 Plung'd in pleasures ever new.
 There we join the midnight-choir,
 Of thy purpled jolly Sire *
 Laughing o'er the flowing bowl,
 That revives the sadden'd soul,
 Warms the close and cautious heart,
 All its secret cares t' impart;
 Banishes reflection, sorrow,
 And ill preface of to-morrow.
 Thus thy votaries life enjoy,
 Conscience, fear, and thought destroy;
 Thus improv'd their moments fly,
 Thus they sport and drink and—die.

P A R T II.

MELPOMENE OR MELANCHOLY.

HAIL Melancholy! Power divine!
 May I approach thy awful shrine;

* *Bacchus.*

Hung round with shrouds of raven-hue;
 Deep shaded with the mournful yew;
 Where glimmering taper, 'mid the gloom,
 Faint shews the frequent, heaving tomb.
 There thou reclin'st in musing mood,
 Thy visage veil'd in sable hood,
 Indulging still thy doleful theme,
 Contemplated in sad extreme,
 Of man, degenerate, born to woe;
 Unequal chance and change below,
 Where Virtue oft is doom'd to groan,
 Where prosperous Vice insults her moan.
 These, Goddess! these are truths approv'd,
 By these each generous breast is mov'd;
 These claim our tears, our serious care,
 Thy sorrows then I beg to share.
 —Away! ye idle brood of Joy,
 That all the powers of mind destroy!
 Ye trifling toys of thoughtless youth,
 That cheat the heart, disguise the truth!
 Ye creatures of the giddy brain,
 Your luring glare I hence disdain!
 Far from the noisy haunts of Folly,
 Be mine thy converse, Melancholy!
 To sit with thee in inmost bower,
 In deepest vault of ruin'd tower,
 Remote amid the forest wild,
 Where day's effulgence never smil'd;

Whose pavement oft has drunk the gore
Of murder'd kings and chiefs of yore;
Where shrieking ghosts yet oft complain,
And drag a length of clanking chain,
Still more the fons of day affright,
Than all the wailing Shades of night:
More dark and dangerous is man,
Than legions squar'd of spectres wan.
Hence worn with care, inur'd to grief,
Despairing still of kind relief,
I leave at length a world of woe,
Its empty pleasures all forego;
To thee my future hours devote,
Indulging strains of saddest note.
Hence let me shun the glare of day,
Till Midnight rise in black array,
Till through the silent, dusky grove,
Uninterrupted I may rove.
Nor wish I mortal footing near,
Nor other sound desire to hear,
Save Philomela's nightly wail,
Slow quivering on the lonely gale;
Or, save the owl's discordant song,
That scatters dread the woods among,
Responsive to the fallen wave,
Hoarse dashing through the shelved cave.
The gelid spring and acorns plain,
Shall still my meagre corps sustain.

Upon the cold and craggy sleep
I throw my naked length to sleep;
Regardless of the wintry skies,
Regardless though I ne'er arise.

P A R T III.

SOPHRONIA OR SERENITY.

COMPLACENT Nymph! of mildest mien,
Image of the soul serene;
With heavy heart inur'd to woe,
At thy sacred shrine I bow.
Deceiv'd by false, licentious Joy,
Smiling, luring to destroy,
On waxen wing of Hope I flew,
Charm'd, from far her form to view.
From scene to scene she shifted, smil'd,
Still allur'd, and still beguil'd;
At length she prov'd a fury fell,
Plunged me in the dismal cell,
Where Melancholy's vot'ries stare
Wild on hopeless, dark Despair.
—“ Thus all must fare, the Goddess said,
Who are by the syren led.
Before the eyes of heedless youth,
Blind, averse to see the truth,

Her fatal charms she fair displays,
 Till, bewilder'd in her maze,
 Aghast they see her meteor-light
 Sudden drown'd in blackest night.
 Wrong'd conscience wakes, and Terror scowls,
 Loud the lonely desert howls.
 Thus disappointed, thus forlorn,
 Solitary left to mourn,
 Affliction's tempest roaring round,
 All the soul unpois'd, unsound;
 How sad; how comfortless their state,
 Toss'd the sport of adverse Fate!
 More hapless they who run direct,
 Guilty pleasure's course uncheck'd;
 Till Death, now deem'd afar to stand,
 Seize them with resistless hand.

From Passion's source is found to flow
 Each severer mortal woe.
 How wretched those who must obey,
 While it rules with sovereign sway!
 Undisciplin'd in early age,
 Soon it rises into rage,
 Disdaining Reason's due control;
 Fierce convulsing all the soul;
 Impatient of the task design'd
 To improve and fit the mind,
 By steady duty, trying care,
 Virtue's high reward to share.

To bask in Joy's unclouded ray,
Ever thoughtless, ever gay,
Befits not mortals born to woe,
In this tearful vale below.
Yet not in Melancholy's cell
Are they ever doom'd to dwell.
Her darker day they ne'er may prove,
While in Virtue's path they move,
Unsway'd by treacherous Pleasure's smile,
Harbouring anguish, guilt and guile.

While Mind from conscious crimes is clear,
Then may Fortune's tempest drear
Infuriate blacken all the sky;—
Then it dares its rage defy,
Serene regards its heaven-rul'd power,
Patient bears th' afflicting hour;
Assur'd that soon the trial hard
Shall be crown'd with rich reward."

F A B L E S.

F A B L E I.

JUNO AND THE PEACOCK.

WHAT griefs unreasonable rise,
While men ungratefully despise
Their proper share of bliss possess'd,
And seek another's, though confess'd
Inferior, but of different kind,
And chief to him by fate assign'd !
Mistaking thus great Nature's scheme,
They grasp at happiness supreme,
Entire exemption seek from woe ;
A boon she grants to none below.
Not to make happy, but content,
Is th' utmost favour e'er she meant.
With liberal hand, but not profuse,
She seems her bounties to diffuse ;
To some dispensing power or wealth,
To others peace and gladsome health ;
On this, conferring comely grace,
And elegance of form and face ;
On that, the higher gifts of mind,
That chief ennoble human-kind.
—But let a trifling tale explain
The import of my moral strain.

To Juno, once, a Peacock proud,
In furious fret complain'd aloud.
"To me what boots it that I boast,
Of feather'd tribes, thy favour most;
That I in beauty number first,
Since with a screaming voice I'm curst,
That raises universal scorn;
Which fate severe I hourly mourn!
What anguish fires me while I view
Each vulgar bird of russet hue,
And hear them pour their envied throat
In ravishing, melodious note!
The lark, the linnet, and the thrush,
From every flowering brake and bush,
Delight to wake their tuneful voice,
Insulting my discordant noise."

To this the Goddess calm rejoin'd,
"Such is the gift to these assign'd,
The soothing harmony of song;
But beauty's charms to thee belong.
Behold the various colours clear
Of Iris, on thy plumes appear,
And emulate the brightest rays
That from the burnish'd emerald blaze.
With this distinguish'd, rest content,
And cease thy peevish vain complaint.
Each creature see! resign'd to fate,
And pleas'd with its allotted state.

None envious pines to be deny'd
The lion's strength and stately pride,
The swiftness of the mountain-hind,
Or aught another's boon assign'd.
Desist these needless cares to breed,
Nor ask what Nature ne'er decreed.

F A B L E II.

JUPITER AND THE EAGLE.

IN vain, the aid of Heaven we ask,
To second any wish or task,
Till first we use our utmost might,
And do what conscience dictates right.
Then, be our unconfin'd request
For what is ultimately best :

Since that we now desire t' obtain,
May prove in time our greatest bane.

An eagle weary and forlorn,
With hoary age and anguish worn,
Lay panting, prostrate on the ground,
And sudden heard a noisy sound
Of footing rude approaching near,
Which fill'd his royal breast with fear.

“ O Jove! omnipotent, he cried,
My honour'd patron and my pride!
Must I thus low and abject lie,
Unable now to mount the sky;
Expos'd to danger and disdain
Of all the wingless, crawling train!
O! pity now my wretched state,
And save me from impending fate.

To yonder lofty elm, I pray
Thou wouldst my weary weight convey;
Where I may safely sit on high,
And all the grovelling herd defy."

To this the thunderer, answering, said,
"No lazy wish I mean to aid.

Thy own endeavours first be tried,
Then pray, but still resign'd, confide
That, thus deserv'd, my guardian care
Shall still thy sovereign good prepare.

The feather'd king 'gan now to strain
Each nerve, the envied height to gain:
And thrice he rose with ardent bound,
And thrice fell baffled to the ground;
At last with desperate effort flew,
But sunk despondent on a yew.
Amid its boughs he lurk'd in fear,
When arm'd a troop of swains drew near;
Who careful view'd the elm around,
With hatchets fell'd it to the ground;
Then left the place without delay,
And through the grove pursued their way.

The eagle struck with glad surprise,
Exclaim'd, "How fortunate and wise
Those who distrust themselves as blind,
And pray to Heaven, with will resign'd!"

F A B L E III.

THE THRUSH AND THE LARK.

WHO strives, alone by servile art,
 To imitate another's part,
 Must still a trammell'd mimic prove,
 And awkward or ridiculous move.
 Each, acting free with native ease,
 A manner uses form'd to please;
 By which his every deed is known,
 And mark'd peculiar as his own.
 —Let art correct but ne'er efface
 Luxuriant nature's simple grace.

A tuneful thrush, with melting strain,
 Delighted long the sylvan train;
 And emulous of honest praise,
 Still labour'd more his voice to raise;
 Till, waken'd every power of throat,
 He ravish'd with resistless note.
 Once set amid th' admiring throng,
 He ask'd if any bird of song
 Was thought to match him in his art,
 Or more to captivate the heart.
 They all agreed he was renown'd
 For strength and melody of sound;

But that the nightingale had long
Unrivall'd reign'd the prince of song.
With eager haste he strain'd his throat
To emulate the envied note ;
Again demanded of the croud,
Whom now they judg'd most sweet and loud.

Then straight begun the critic-tribe
The close resemblance to describe.
They own'd 'twas exquisitely done ;
And doubted, which, the palm had won.

At last the lark, approv'd for wit,
They judg'd in this as umpire fit.
He, call'd by universal choice,
Thus spoke with sweet, persuasive voice.

“ My friend the thrush I long admir'd,
As with uncommon powers inspir'd :
But this his imitative strain,
The work of drudgery and pain,
Is mere unnatural stretch of voice,
An unaffecting, labour'd noise.
You coolly mark each separate part,
The smooth mechanic shew of art ;
But I regard this essay whole,
As polish'd matter void of soul ;
Which to the eye may pleasing prove,
But ne'er the feeling heart can move.
The nightingale's mellifluous lay,
That ever charms with matchless sway,

Resembles this affected sound,
Where neither grace nor fire is found,
As breathing Beauty fair array'd,
Her form on Parian stone pourtray'd."

LYRIC ODES.

ODE TO RETIREMENT.

Written on leaving the Town.

I.

ESCAP'D the rude, tumultuous noise
That shakes yon smoky towers ;—
Hail, Nature's sweet and tuneful voice !
And hail, her sylvan bowers !
What mystic transport warms my breast,
And lulls each rankling care to rest,
Amid this fragrant, blooming field ?
Whence springs this sudden tide of joy,
Spontaneous, fresh, without alloy ;
Which cities ne'er could yield ?

II.

'Tis sure from sympathy innate,
Which leads the human heart
To relish Nature's simple state,
Above the works of art.
Such scenes of rural calm retreat,
Indulgent Heaven design'd the seat,
And happiest lot of man below.

O lost to virtue's gentler charms,
Who, for Ambition's dire alarms,
These joys could glad forego!

III.

But say, can all the sweets of spring,
That please the ear and sight,
To man supreme contentment bring,
Or form his chief delight?
Still, each humane and generous heart,
By social impulse, seeks t' impart
Whate'er of good it may possess;
Tastes fortune's favours unenjoy'd,
And feels each selfish bliss devoid
Of genuine happiness.

IV.

'Twas thus the Sire of human-kind
Bemoan'd his lonely hours;
Nor e'er could perfect pleasure find,
In Eden's blissful bowers;
Till Female sweetness shone serene,
Improv'd, endear'd the beauteous scene,
Imparadis'd his flowery seat:—
Till, in a friend and lovely mate,
The pleasing partner of his fate,
He found his joy complete.

V.

O sacred Power ! connubial Love !

When born of Liberty ;
Inspir'd, appointed from above,
And rul'd by Harmony !

When free affection fires the soul,
Unmov'd by Interest's forc'd control ;—

When fix'd esteem, with genial rays,
Still feeds the lover's flame divine,
Commands it, pure thro' life to shine,
With unabating blaze !

VI.

How happy they, the few so blest,

With competence and health ;
Whose gentle hearts are ne'er oppress'd
With cares of pomp and wealth ;

Who, thro' the bloom of early spring,
Walk hand in hand and joyful sing,

In concord with the feather'd race ;
Till curtain'd in the shades of night,
The dusky, whispering hours invite
To melt in love's embrace !

VII.

Thus they amid the vale repose,

Exempt from noise and strife,
From fashion's forms and all the woes
Of court and city-life ;

From Envy's sapping, venom'd leer,
 From stiffen'd Pride's contemptuous sneer,
 And sleek Diffimulation's art;
 From insult, jealousy, and guile;
 Where Flattery grins a freezing smile,
 While Rancour gnaws the heart.

VIII.

There, flutters hollow-dimpling Shew,
 Of painted plumage vain:
 Severe Suspicion knits his brow;
 And Title scowls disdain.
 There, critics nice in *politesse*,
 Talk deep of dishes and of dress.
 There Love is breath'd in formal phrase:
 And coxcombs pert, in loud debate,
 And tattle trite, affect to prate
 Of politics and plays.

IX.

How sweet to dwell, from these apart,
 With that ennobled train,
 Who mix the mutual flow of heart,
 Who Nature's laws maintain!
 Whose souls ethereal soar sublime,
 To look beyond the verge of time,
 Through wide Eternity's domain;
 Then, from on high, behold the croud,
 The noisy conflicts of the proud;
 How little and how vain!

X.

Be mine, with those to pass the day,
 In some sequester'd vale;
 Where bloom, in summer fragrance gay,
 The woodland, hill, and dale;
 To study Providence's plan,
 The proper end and aim of man,
 The import of eternal laws;
 Admire th' immensity of space,
 And thro' creation's works to trace
 An UNIVERSAL CAUSE.

ODE TO HEALTH.

I.

GODDESS! of the glancing eye,
Dewy lip of vermil dye;
Why so strangely coy :
Flying far the palace proud,
Cheering most the cottage croud,
With thy sprightliest joy?

II.

Why dost thou, with tender care,
Rear the floweret fresh and fair,
'Mid the defart born :
To the sportive mountain-hind,
Prove so lavish and so kind,
Leaving man to mourn?

III.

"Man by simple nature fed,
(Thus the blooming Goddess said)
Was my favourite care.
Cheerful as the lark he rose,
Cheerful sunk to sweet repose,
Bliss of frugal fare.

IV.

Now undone by arts profane,
Gluttony's impoisoning bane,
Slaughter's bloody rage ;
Huge, a shapeless mass he grows,
Dull, unwieldy, never knows
Healthful hoary age.

V.

Once to cram his carcase, high,
Songsters sweet and lambkins die,
Leave the cheerful day.
Ravage roams each distant shore,
Every gulf of ocean hoar,
For his gory prey !

VI.

Hence his bloated, feverish frame,
Cruel ills of every name ;
Stifled, panting breath,
Gout, of sloth and surfeit born,
Restless night and drousy morn,
Timeless racking death."

TO HOPE.

A PINDARIC ODE.

GODDESS of th' alluring eye!
 Who, rob'd in flowing, white array,
 Beckon'st, from yon summit high,
 The weary pilgrim on his way;
 Plodding through life's dreary vale,
 Plying each assign'd employ;
 Who, cherish'd by thy promis'd joy,
 Outbraves each blast that may assail:
 Who deems that soon the toil shall cease,
 And oft he seems to reach the prize,
 The conflict o'er, to rest in peace,
 Though labours still on labours rise,
 At length attain'd, how oft thy favours fade!
 Within thy votary's grasp how oft thou shrink'st a shade!

I. 2.

Idly, with thy earth-born cheer,
 Dost thou essay t' engross the mind;
 Restless in this clouded sphere,
 It aims at bliss of nobler kind.
 Still mistaken mortals bow,
 Cringing at thy idol-shrine,
 And ask from thee, as all-divine,
 A boon thou ne'er canst here bestow.

With heedless haste the youth pursue
 Whatever toys thou may'st display;
 Though still retiring from their view,
 Till th' airy visions quite decay;
 Till each must own all human pleasures vain,
 Uncertain, insecure, and ever mix'd with pain.

I. 3.

On Ambition's giddy height,
 One admires thy banners bright;
 Straight he 'tempts the dangerous steep,
 With ceaseless and impetuous force;
 Thro' the dale and thro' the deep,
 He drives the desperate, lawless course:
 Till, gain'd the goal, the flattering triumph lost,
 The baffled wretch, a prey to splendid woe,
 In whirls of care, remorse and terror tost;
 A while he totters on the slippery brow;
 Then falls unmourn'd, of execrated name,
 A pest of human-kind, and damn'd to deathless fame;

II. 1.

Some, the glory of their race,
 Whom Virtue's chaster charms invite,
 Hope, from her divine embrace,
 Perpetual feasts of pure delight:
 Firm, devoted to her cause,
 Nobly brave they strive to rise;
 Impatient for the well-earn'd prize,
 The champions of her sacred laws.

But, thro' a world of guilt and woe,
 Where thousand demons haunt their way;
 Deem they unharrass'd still to go,
 Avow'd opponents of their sway,
 That rages fierce, industrious to destroy
 Each bright'ning gleam of hope, each bud of virtuous joy?

H. 2.

Should they timid quit the strife,
 Abandon quite the suit as lost,
 Fly to shades of hermit life,
 With thoughts of former woes engross'd;
 What awaits the feeling mind,
 But, amid the lone sojourn,
 The fate of faithless man to mourn;
 Since selfish bliss it cannot find!
 If, from disinterested love,
 Or friendship's flame they seek relief;
 Full oft may such resources prove
 But fix'd, redoubled, hopeless grief.
 Ah! where now burn these constant flames sublime,
 That fir'd the generous race of simple, ancient time?

II. 3.

Goddeſs, whom we ſtill adore!
 Is there nought in all thy ſtore,
 That can ſolid joy beſtow,
 Diſpel this midnight of the mind?—
 Perfect pleaſure here below,
 No longer let me hope to find.—

Devotion due to thee yet may I give,
 Enjoy thy cheering rays what time they shine;
 Resign'd to fate, content, and hopeful live,
 Nor, tho' deceiv'd, with thankless heart repine;
 Since Hope remains to sooth the aking breast,
 With views of boundless bliss in realms of endless rest.

ANACREON, ODE 46. *Translated.*

Χαλεπόν τὸ μὴ φιλεῖν.

TO LOVE.

'TIS hard to live unknown to love,
 And hard its anxious pangs to prove;
 But worst of all to feel its fire,
 And burn with hopeless, vain desire.
 In love we slight the pride of birth,
 The power of wisdom and of worth;
 Nor aught but gold is equal priz'd:
 Curst he, who bane of gold devis'd!
 We lose, for lucre's treacherous glare,
 All filial and fraternal care.
 Hence, murders, wars, and heavier woes;
 Hence, all the Lover's sorrow flows.

ODE TO LOVE.

I.

PROFITIOUS passion, generous Love !

Sweet solace of the human breast !

Vouchsaf'd to mortals from above,

To make them mutually blest.

II.

Delightful, heart-refining flame !

By thee inspir'd, the savage mind

Is soon transform'd humane and tame,

All meek, benevolent, and kind.

III.

Thou wakest the sacred, genial fire,

That warms the Poet's raptur'd breast :

Thy voice soft warbles from his lyre,

In ardent, amorous lays express'd.

IV.

Ah ! how forlorn that frozen soul,

Deny'd to feel thy balmy power !

The grosser passions there shall grow,

Each tender sentiment devour.

V.

Or listless languor there shall dwell,
Benumb the dull, unfeeling frame;
And gloomy apathy shall quell
Each impulse keen to honest fame.

VI.

The dupe of lawless, low desire,
That grovell'd with the vulgar kind;
Enflam'd by thee, his thoughts aspire,
By purer passion rais'd, refin'd.

VII.

One object choice his love employs,
Enraptures all his mental frame;
On this he centres all his joys
That flow from soft affection's flame.

VIII.

That gentle, heaven-informed mind,
Where thou preservest a sacred place,
To nurse each virtue is inclin'd,
Each lovely and attractive grace.

IX.

Where thy mild influence decays,
Confusion, misery there abound;
There, Avarice each crime shall raise,
And ruin spread the earth around.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

I.

KIND Cheerer of the pensive breast;
By care and anguish oft oppress'd !
From thy pure flame what comforts flow,
To ease the shocks of mortal woe !

II.

As Phoebus, with splendence bright;
Dispels the shades of dreary night;
So Friendship's smile is found to glad
The soul benighted, sunk, and sad:

III.

Who cannot feel thy power benign;
May such in selfish trouble pine;
But still may thou thy boon impart
To each benevolent, tender heart.

IV.

Grief in the bosom close confin'd,
With false dismay beclouds the mind;
But pour'd in Friendship's listening ear,
Its fancied terrors disappear.

L

V.

Joy, unimparted and conceal'd,
 Its lustre loses; but reveal'd,
 And shared by friendly converse gay,
 It brightens with redoubled ray.

VI.

Ah! ne'er may sordid Interest claim
 The honours of thy sacred name!
 Whose base affections servile steer,
 As Fortune's gale is seen to veer.

VII.

How blest the amity divine!
 When kindred souls in concord join;
 When virtue's laws the union bind,
 With each sublimer gift of mind.

VIII.

On this foundation only sure,
 Shall Friendship ever rest secure;
 Which fickle Fate can ne'er annoy,
 Nor wide-devouring Time destroy.

ODE TO GENTLENESS.

Suaviter in modo, sed fortiter in re.

I.

COMPLACENT, love-inspiring Power!

As evening dew refresh the flower

By noon-tide heats decay'd;

Thy winning words and aspect kind,

So sooth and mollify the mind,

Contentious or dismay'd.

II.

'Tis thine to banish rage and strife,

To smoothe the rugged path of life,

With sympathetic care;

To cheer the traveller on his way,

Assist him, through the trying day,

His load of woes to bear.

III.

Thy votary, Goddess! still defend

From Flattery, polish'd, painted fiend!

That oft thy likeness wears;

By listening Vanity ador'd,

By sage Sincerity abhor'd,

Nor seen as she appears.

IV.

Expose the traitor's varnish'd art,
 His masked front, his double heart,
 Who would assume thy form ;
 Who Virtue's cause can base betray,
 When fear or interest adverse sway,
 Nor dares to brave the storm.

V.

Nor e'er may he thy honours own,
 To each affection warm, unknown,
 Still passive and unmov'd ;
 Ne'er rous'd to combat nor defend,
 Nor Vice's foe nor Virtue's friend,
 Ne'er censur'd nor approv'd.

VI.

Thy chaster smile may I approve,
 Of truth and universal love,
 Informing all the mind.
 Thy genuine influence impart,
 Determin'd dignity of heart
 With gentle manners join'd.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

THOU heart-commanding, modest Power!

Of Nature born in sylvan bower;

More sweet art thou in native grace,

Than gayest Art with fashion'd face,

That tries, with tints and rich perfume,

To emulate thy breath and bloom.

SIMPLICIA see all form'd to please,

With untaught elegance and ease;

But school'd by Affectation's care,

She struts with stiff pedantic air,

With strained smile and tortur'd eye,

That sparely throws the glance from high.

How impotent such efforts prove,

To warm the tender heart to love!

It scorns the gloss, and cold recoils

From such preposterous, wreathed wiles.

—O sweet Simplicity! what Art

Can thee forego and catch the heart?

How vain the lifeless, flowery lays

Bedaub'd with cumbrous foreign phrase,

By foppish Fancy trimly wrought,

To hide her want of burning thought!

Disdaining now thy precepts plain,

How rambles rude th' Hesperian strain;

That once, when owning thy control,
 With simple note could melt the soul!
 Now rais'd aloud, with trilling pride,
 Of passion and expreffion void,
 It drives with idle, mad career,
 Grates harshnefs on the tingling ear.
 How loft the artlefs powers of fong,
 Unknown fave woods and vales among!

Yet oft, by Art's fubmiffive aid,
 Thy charms more pleafing are display'd;
 When by thy rule, fhe works unknown,
 Nor claims the merit as her own.
 Thou, deck'd by her, art more admir'd:
 She pleafes more, as more retir'd.
 Thy manner fpeaks the noble mind:
 And hollow Art, the little foul confin'd.

TO THE SUN.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

RADIANT Ruler of the year!
 Source benign of joy and life,
 How thou glad'st this cloudy sphere,
 Hushing elemental strife!
 Timely at thy genial smile,
 From the thaw'd, prolific soil,
 Flowers and varied verdure spring;
 Naked forests robe their sprays;
 All, in wild, harmonic lays,
 Plummy songsters joyous sing.
 Rapture, on thy rapid beam,
 Darts direct upon the breast;
 Dispels, with warm, enlivening gleam,
 The vapoury glooms that there molest.
 Thou wak'st the flame of all-creative Love,
 Till ether, earth, and sea, with animation move.

I. 2.

Dazzling Orb of liquid light!
 Mocking search of mortal eye,
 Dashing blind the daring sight,
 That thy glories would espy.

Sad, to see thy setting ray,
 Nature droops at close of day;
 Melancholy reigns around.
 Darkness-loving monsters howl,
 Lions roar and tygers prow!;
 Rending Night with horror's found.
 Peal, on Superstition's ear,
 Spirits, wailing through the wild.
 Faint shudders bristly, haggard Fear,
 High hung on ridges loosely pil'd.
 The felon-crew that fled the face of day,
 Rush dreadful from their dens, intent on lawless prey.

I. 3.

Golden-tressed Son of heaven!
 When summon'd by thy darting fire,
 Appa'd, the hideous rout retire;
 By chiding light to dungeons driven.
 Smiles afresh the sylvan reign,
 Striking full its native strain.
 In desarts, nighted and forlorn,
 The storm-beat peasant hails thy car,
 Effusing wide the sunny morn,
 Descries his long-lost path afar;
 Now gains his home, th' embracing household cheers.
 Who fearful of his fate, had watch'd the night in tears.

II. 1.

Silver'd Sire of hoary Time!
 Thee, the months and hours obey.
 Rest of solar power sublime,
 Soon should earth-born life decay.
 How the howling tempests roll,
 Restless vexing either pole;
 All the long, long wintry night!
 How the red-wing'd thunder roars,
 O'er the gloomy frozen shores,
 Spreading death and dire affright!
 Famish'd furies fill the yell,
 Plunging 'mid the mountain'd snow.
 The natives rude are doom'd to dwell
 In pitchy, cronded caves below:
 Till thou return-straight bloom th' emerging plains;
 And half th' alternate year a nightless summer reigns.

II. 2.

Mighty Sovereign of the spheres!
 Who can thy dominion trace,
 Where each subject planet steers
 Strait his course thro' boundless space?
 Rein'd by thy supreme control,
 Worlds on worlds around thee roll,
 Tun'd in loud seraphic song:
 Swift as thought they wing their way
 Through the radiant realms of day;

M

LYRIC ODES.

Countless years the flight prolong,
 What the tribes of several kind,
 That thy nobler orbs adorn,
 Of matter form'd, or purely mind,
 Or mortal, or immortal born;
 That live in Jove's or Saturn's reign retir'd,
 Or bask on Mercury's side with fiercest radiance fir'd?

H. 3.

Noblest Image of thy Lord!
 With vain essay shall reptile-man
 Thy secrets, or thy essence scan.
 To HIM, at whose creating word
 All thy glories instant grew,
 What devotion high is due!
 To him your gratulation pour,
 Thon Sun, and all thy tuneful train.
 Ye mortals, still submit adore
 Mysterious power in Nature's reign;
 Till brighter suns upon the soul arise
 Enrapt in argent plains of empyrean skies.

ODE TO INDUSTRY.

I.

SPRIGHTLY Nymph! of aspect keen,
Foe to Sloth and moping Spleen;
Thine the bright and cheerful day,
Ever fed with fresh delight;
Thine the slumbers soft of night,
Spirits ever pure and gay.

II.

From the gloom of listless rest,
Which pale fancied fiends infest;
Lead me to thy busy scene,
Where, on useful toil intent,
Eager climbing Hope's ascent,
Thou at peep of morn art seen.

III.

Glad thou seest her form on high,
Dazzling to thy distant eye;
Now hast gain'd the long-sought joy.
Nor can yet the object please,
Plunge thee in ignoble ease;
Soon the bliss is found to cloy.

IV.

Still, with fresh, redoubled force,
 Thou dost urge a different course,
 Searching after happiness.
 Trial proves thy joys most true,
 Since 'tis sweeter to pursue
 Earth-born pleasures than possess.

V.

Rous'd by thee, the drooping soul,
 Bound in lethargy's control,
 Mounts amid the gladfome day;
 As the putrid pool set free,
 Lightly leaps along the lea,
 Brightening in the solar ray.

VI.

Light of life! in whom we find
 Health of body, health of mind;
 Of thy smiling comforts rest,
 What were man in misery born,
 By disease and anguish torn,
 In deep, deadening langnor left!

VII.

'Virtue's nurse and safest guard!
 Rarely demon-Vice has dar'd
 To molest thy active hour.

On the sons of Indolence,
Destitute of thy defence,
He exerts his fatal power.

VIII.

Barren deserts dark and drear,
Bright and blooming soon appear
Under thy auspicious eye.
Art and Science, powers benign,
Wait on thee, O! Nymph divine,
Life-adorning Industry!

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

SWEET Nymph! of snowy virgin-stole,
 Thou Guardian of the placid soul!
 Let Fate capricious fawn or lower,
 I dare defy her partial power;
 That ne'er can quite my peace destroy,
 While I thy smile serene enjoy.
 Ah! wretched he, defenceless left,
 Who, of thy charms and comforts rest,
 On Fortune's nod must servile rest
 The ease or anguish of his breast.
 While conscious guilt his bosom tears,
 Each face a frowning aspect bears;
 In every sound he seems to hear
 The deadly-screaming voice of Fear;
 Incessant deems some danger nigh,
 And reads reproach in every eye.
 As shrivell'd foliage, thro' the vale,
 Flies wild, the sport of every gale;
 So wild his hollow heart is whirl'd,
 Amid the tumults of the world;
 Fierce torn by each affailing care,
 A prey to death and mad despair.

But he of Innocence possess'd,
 Feels constant bliss within his breast,
 Inspiring strength to hold his course,
 Against temptation's thwarting force;
 And still discerns Hope's cheerful light
 Fair gilding sorrow's dreary night.
 —The man of life and conscience pure,
 Of just intent and purpose sure,
 Dreads, nor the tyrant's threatenings loud,
 Nor clamours of the impious crowd,
 Nor storms nor waves against him driven,
 Nor all the thunderbolts of heaven.
 Should Nature's frame around him break,
 And fall an universal wreck;
 His godlike soul could view the scene
 Uninjur'd still and still serene;
 O'er prostrate worlds superior tower,
 O'er Death, and Hell's united power.

[But he of Innocence, &c.] Not perfect innocence. This is incompatible with the present state of man. But the innocence here meant, is no more than an exemption from such positive and presumptuous guilt as particularly alarms conscience; with that purity of heart and honesty of intention which inspire a magnanimity not to be subdued by any thing less than Omnipotence.

The man of life, &c.] The succeeding lines are almost a literal translation of that famous passage of Horace,
Iustum et tenacem propositi virum, &c. Lib. 3. Ode 3.

ODE TO DEATH.

Extremumque diem vite inter munera ponit. Luc.

I.

GAUNT, grisly monarch! awful Death!

Whom all the kings of earth obey:

By thee when summon'd, parts the breath,

Reigns the frame to swift decay.

As lord of terrors thou art known

To desperate sons of guilt alone;

Whose vile affections downward tend,

All wrapt in sensual joy, whose heaven on earth must end

II.

To all the good, the only wise,

Full oft afflicted most below,

The welcome herald of the skies

Thou comest, to bid them cease their woe,

Announce their duty, done, approv'd,

That straight they shall be hence remov'd

To bask in endless rapture's ray,

The meed of patient toil, born many a tedious day.

III.

Thus speaks the conscious Soul sublime.

"Can Death my dignity appal?"

Uninjur'd by the waste of Time,
I dauntless hear his sullen call:
Pent in this mass of dust I lie,
Excluded from my native sky,
Expos'd to danger, shame, and pain,
Control'd my nobler powers, debas'd by converse vain!

IV.

The fiends of earth and hell essay
My utter ruin to effect;
And sure, I should be doom'd a prey,
Did Heaven not pardon and protect!
With these incessant war I wage,
Yet dare defy their utmost rage,
When to my will is added Might,
Omnipotent to brave the armed hosts of night.

V.

Long have I walk'd this world of woe,
From scene to scene, in quest of bliss;
But care attends where'er I go,
Pure peace and pleasure still I miss;
Ungratify'd some new desire,
To joys remote must still aspire.
On rosy couch all-careless laid,
I start to find a thorn—a snake in every shade!

N

VI.

Thus wean'd from earth I grasp at heaven,
To which my highest wishes soar :
With humble hope of faults forgiven,
I covet mortal joys no more.
Then, tyrant ! strike this prison down,
I smile secure against thy frown.
'Tis done.—I fly on seraph-wing.—
Where now thy triumph, Death ! the terror of thy sting ?

THE MUSE.

A PINDARIC ODE.

TO POESY.

*Et dubitamus opes animo contemnere avari,
Nec potius sequimur dulces ante omnia Musas?* VIDA.

I. 1.

ENCHANTING, sphere-descended Power!
Whose spirit swells the Poet's soul
With sacred rage, or high to tower,
On Rapture's wing, above the pole;
Or lapt in music's gentler mood, to sing
Of Nature's charms, by tuneful grove or spring;
Wilt thou propitious now reveal,
What worth, what vows thy envy'd boon may gain,
Which thousands invoke and boast in vain;
Which, yet, thou didst so copious deal
To simple bards of yore, whose strains sublime
Have charm'd the wondering world thro' every age
and clime?

Strophe 1. l. 1. *Enchanting, &c.*

*Quisquis es ille, Deus certe, qui pectora vatum
Incolis, afflatusque rapis super aethera mentes.*

VIDÆ HIERON. Poetic. lib. 1.

Str. 1. l. 5. *Or lapt in music's gentler mood, &c.*] Implying
a distinction between the more humble and soft strains of
pastoral or descriptive poetry, and the sublimer flights of
the Tragic or Pindaric Muse.

N 2



I. 2.

Anon, a golden cloud appear'd,
 Slow sailing down the yielding sky;
 Whence, straight a cherub-voice was heard,
 The soothing voice of Harmony.
 Hush'd winds and waves, as magic-struck, gave ear:—
 Rapt Nature listen'd thro' her silenc'd sphere.
 "The mighty MAKER man design'd,
 To pour his praise, to glow with social love;
 Resembling thus the hymning hosts above.
 For this he tun'd his godlike mind,
 Creation's pomp with pleasure to admire,
 To move accordant still as sung creation's choir.

I. 3.

'Twas then I still possess'd
 His pure, unruffled breast;
 Whose numbers sweet and nobly plain,
 Spontaneous flow'd the woodland scenes among;
 Or, while he breath'd the amorous-dittied song,
 Or rose to adoration's strain.

Antistrophe. l. 1. 10. *For this he tun'd, &c.*] Deo non solum est grata Poetica, sed ab Ipso infusa et dictata.—Certe sicut e cœlo descenderunt divinæ atque cognatæ scientiæ, Poesis et Musica; in cœlestibus et ad honorem Numinis facientibus versari amant, naturali impetu sursum nituntur, et, ignis ad instar, ætherias quærunt sedes unde prius fuerunt delapsæ. TRAPP. Prælect. Poetic. vol. I.

But soon as guilt he hapless knew,
 His heart deform'd and callous grew;
 Whose discord dire and grating crime,
 Harsh jarr'd against the spherey chime.
 Nor quite extinguish'd was the heavenly flame,
 Its latent sparks the feeling mind rejoice;
 Which kindling, shoot warm transport thro' the frame,
 When native Music wakes her kindred voice.
 In choicer spirits still I bid it blaze,
 And swell with rage divine the Bard's immortal lays.

II. 1.

While, listening chief to Nature's call,
 He breath'd unmix'd her living fire,
 'Twas then he could the soul enthrall,
 Its passions soft and strong inspire;
 Barbarians rude and savage monsters tame,
 And still rever'd and hallow'd was his name.
 Such mighty power could he once prove,
 Who rul'd the victor-Prince with timbrel'd sound,
 Swift whirl'd at will his ravish'd heart around;
 Now lull'd him in the lap of Love,

Strophe 2. l. 5. *Barbarians rude, &c.*] Sit igitur, iudices, sanctum apud vos humanissimos homines hoc Poetæ nomen quod nulla unquam *Barbaria violavit*.—*Bessie* sæpe immanes cantu flectuntur, atque consistunt; nos instituti rebus optimis non poetarum voce moveamur? CIC.

— l. 8. *Who rul'd the victor-Prince, &c.*] Alexander the Great. See Dryden's sublime Ode on St Cecilia's day. This

Now pity rais'd, till tears his eyes o'erflow'd,
Now rous'd him to revenge, now made him move a God.

II. 2.

Such flourish'd he, the Thracian swain,
Who wailing roam'd Riphæan snows;
Thro' night till dawn prolong'd his strain,
From morning-dawn to evening-close:
Till urg'd by passion to propitiate Hell,
He touch'd his lyre, the furies ceas'd their yell,
Stern Dis Eurydice restor'd.
She ever lost, the sad, despairing Bard,
Mad Bacchanals assault, whom tigers spar'd.
The Dryad-nymphs his death deplor'd,
Th' Ægean shores with sounds of sorrow rung,
While tofs'd on Hebrus' flood Eurydice he sung.

invincible prince was extremely susceptible of the charms of Poetry, owing doubtless, in a great measure, to his intimate acquaintance with the famous Stagyræ. It is said, that, when he destroyed Thebes, he only spared the house in which Pindar the Lyric poet lived, that he always carried Homer along with him in a golden box, and that, when he came to Sigæum, and stood at the tomb of Achilles, he exclaimed, "O fortunate adolescens, qui tuæ virtutis Homerum præconem inveneris." Cic.

Antist. 4. l. 1. *Such flourish'd he, the Thracian swain,—*
Orpheus. See his story most affectingly described in the end of the divine Georgic.

II. 3. Thus prov'd my sacred Art

Thus prov'd my sacred Art

The sovereign of the heart; quiet well

While sweet Simplicity bore sway

Nor aught is known of her pure, ancient reign,

Save what my consecrated lays contain,

Which Druid-songsters wont essay,

Who warbled on the mountains hoar,

And still my hallow'd ensigns bore;

To whom mysterious power was given,

To scan the oracles of heaven,

To point the paths to bright celestial climes,

To soar the heights where only seraphs flew,

Explore the scenes in distant, darksome times,

On rapid wing transcending vulgar view.

Thus rose my sons in laurel'd dignity,

And shone the first in fame, the favourites of the sky.

III.

But where that dear, distinguish'd breast,

Sublim'd by energy divine,

Epode 2. l. 4. *Nor aught is known, &c.*] Satis notum est libros diuturnitate temporis sacratissimos, eos esse, qui vel a Deo dictati sunt, vel a vatibus conscripti. TRAPP.

— l. 9. *To whom mysterious power was given, &c.*] Quid autem inter sacros scriptores et poetas tantum discriminis interponimus? Cum sacri scriptores magnam partem fuerint poetæ; utroque nomine *Vates* dictendi, et non sicut Numinis afflatu agitati. Id.

By pristine purity possess'd,
 Which now I can regard as mine?
 How impotent the tinsel-rhymer's aim,
 Whose flashy lays my inspiration claim,
 Obscured in wit's wild, devious glare;
 While frigid art and strange conceit displace:
 Free nature's fire and soul-enrapturing grace!—
 While shackled Prose presumes to share
 My laureate favours, heavily to climb
 Parnassus' arduous heights, and mar the choral chime!

III. 2.

Ne'er have I yet been known to impart
 The cheering influence of my smile,

Str. 3: l. 3. *By pristine purity possess'd, &c.*] A mind proper for poetry, Plato terms *ψυχὴν ἀκαρὸν*, a soul untrod-den.

PHÆDRUS.

— l. 5. *How impotent, &c.*] *Damnandum est quidem istud profanum scripturientium vulgus, qui nominis hujus honorem nullo jure sibi audent arrogare; cum ille iis solummodo debeat, quibus est mens diviniore, atque os magna sonaturum.* TRAPP.

Atque sic a summis hominibus eruditissimisque accepimus, ceterarum rerum studia et doctrinâ, et præceptis et arte constare: poetam naturâ ipsa valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi divino quodam spiritu inflari. CIC.

— l. 10. *While shackled Prose, &c.*] *Carmina ingenium spirantia scribentem, artis licet prorsus indigum, laudamus sæpenumero, et admiramur; at igne, et impetu poetico carentem, legum et regularum quantumvis religiose tenacem, semper negligimus vel damnamus.* TRAPP.

Antist. 3. l. 1. *Ne'er have I yet, &c.*] Longinus ascribes the decay of the Sublime in poetry and oratory to the in-

To that dull, cold, benighted heart,
 The haunt of cruelty or guile;
 Where grovelling avarice, or envy fell,
 Or conscious guilt or settled hate can dwell.
 I spurn vain Fashion's fopling-crew,
 Inur'd in canting, courtly phrase to prate,
 To run the light, fantastic round of state;
 Whose little, vulgar thoughts pursue
 The meteor-gleam that glitters to their gaze,
 From lucre, titled rank, and grandeur's specious blaze.

III. 3.

Who cannot these despise,
 May ne'er my favourite rise.
 Far other gifts are mine to give.
 The wide dominion, boastful, long parade
 Of kings and kingdoms all thro' time decay'd,
 My honours shall their fame outlive;
 When Truth and Virtue fairer shew,
 Rob'd in the garb that I bestow;
 When pierc'd by my keen, pointed dart,
 Or Vice or Vanity shall smart.
 Can those my honour'd-born their lustre prize
 Below the transient, twinkling, borrow'd rays,
 Crease of luxury, the lust of avarice, and the corruption,
 formality and effeminacy of manners ever consequent upon
 these. See his treatise on the Sublime, ch. 44.

That fall from Ophir's ore or Tyrian dies?

Ah! ne'er may they the sacred Lyre debase,
For wealth or power to wake the hireling lay;
But free and willing still my prompting call obey.

IV. 1.

Ill fitted they, the tuneful train,
In fawning guise to court the great,
To strive and spoil for guilty gain,
On others' ruin build their state;
To combat fierce a jarring world's alarms,
Absorb'd in harmony's refining charms!
Tho' none may greet the voice of Truth,
Disdain, my sons! to prostitute the song;
To listening wilds the native notes prolong,
Tho' flowing with lament and ruth:
Pride, malice, prejudice, and envy gone,
Wilds shall resound the strain to ages yet unknown.

IV. 2.

Thus oft have fared my Minstrel-choir,
A musing, solitary band;
Whom frowning Fate had made retire,
In forrowing plight, to foreign land,
Till rest of weary life; when nations strove
Which, should their honour'd, natal region prove;
Except for whose immortal lays,
Their heroes, potentates, and matchless might,

Had nameless perish'd in oblivious night.
Now kings, to share their deathless praise,
Empurpled royalty would glad forego,
Endure their wanderings wild, their penury and woe.

IV. 3.

'Tis then worst ills await
My Votary's desperate state;
When Luxury's prevailing bane
Each gentler instinct of the soul destroys,
And steels it 'gainst my rapture-moving joys:—
I fly her inauspicious reign,
Ennobling realms to fame unknown,
Where sacred Science never shone;
Where fraud and avarice less abound,
More truth and tenderness is found.
As warring Erebus I loathe the strife
Where she her mischief-loving brood uprears;
The sure-intruding pests of polish'd life,
Where Nature's face in falsehood's guise appears."—
Nor more was heard, but o'er the darkening sky,
The radiance fled afar from the pursuing eye.

ODE TO SENSIBILITY.

I.

O Sovereign of the gentle breast,
That feels, with lively sense impress,
The gales which softest blow!
Thou wak'st to rapture calm delight,
But wrap'st affliction's sable night
In shades of tenfold woe.

II.

Now bursts aloud thy votary's joy,
Now droops he sad, while cares annoy,
Immers'd in thought profound:
Now burns his cheek and glows his eye;
Now sudden fades the crimson dye,
Aghast he stares around.

III.

Thou harsh, unhallow'd hand of Care!
With cruel, iron fang forbear
To harrow deep his heart.
Exert thy rigours to subdue
The cold, severe and selfish crew,
Regardless of thy smart.

ODE TO SENSIBILITY. 109

IV.

O Goddess! in thy secret cell,
Where all the gentler Virtues dwell,
Thy favourite few defend,
From ravage, insult, rage, and strife,
That, through the gloomy scenes of life,
With ceaseless broils contend.

V.

With thee the Muses still retreat,
To cheer thy peaceful, hermit-seat,
With soft, enchanting strain.
The purer Pleasures there are seen.
The Loves and Graces trip the scene,
With all their shadowy train.

VI.

To thee what sympathetic joy
Accrues, while frisking lambkins toy!
What pain to see them grieve!
Thou kindest power that Heaven bestows!
'Tis thine too weep at others' woes,
Their woes and wants relieve.

St. 6. l. 4. *Thou kindest Power, &c.*

mollissima corda

Hamano generi dare se Natura fatetur,

Quæ lachrymas dedit. Hæc nostri pars optima sensus.

Juv. Sat. 35.

THE
TEARS OF BRITANNIA.

A PINDARIC ODE.

On the present American War.

Written in the year 1776.

Τῆς φιλῆς νικᾶται τῆς συμμαχίας.

DEMOSTH. Philip. 3.

I. 1.

HIGH o'er a sea-bleach'd, rocky steep;
On Caledonia's western strand;
BRITANNIA's form was seen to stand;
In weeds of woe was seen to weep.
Afar she ey'd the hoar Atlantic main,
War's bloody banners on the surge sublime;
While rode her navy o'er her azure reign,
Launch'd to avenge Rebellion's daring crime.
With grief and anxious care,
Now swell'd her bosom bare.
Her look portentous witness'd wild dismay,
And stream'd her tresses in the vexed void.
The trident, ensign of her watery sway,
Dropt in the angry bottom-tide;

THE TEARS OF BRITANNIA. 111

Whose raging, broken waves,
Howl'd thro' the hollow caves.
Quick lower'd the air, appear'd t' assume
A boding, sympathetic gloom;
While th' oaken chaplet from her brow she tore;
When thus her heavy plaint loud burst to ocean's roar.

I. 2.

"Distracting sight! what woes await
My British sons, my British-born,
By faction and sedition torn!
I see, I see, by frowning Fate,
The tempest gather'd in yon northern sky;
Deep shading Orkney's fractur'd, trembling isles!
It mounts the pole, it wheels, it verges nigh,
It sounds with dissonance of battle's broils!
Lo! now, with vengeance driven,
It sweeps the vault of heaven!
Ah! breaks remorseless with tremendous noise,
Full o'er my Atalanta's kindred shore!
Hark! to the shrieks of death, to sorrow's voice!
While intermits the cannon's roar;
To the braying of arms,
And war's horrid alarms!
What boots me now to spread on high,
The flaming flag of victory;
When all my offspring-realms are stain'd with blood,
When Britain's parent-wail yells cross the foaming flood?

112 THE TEARS OF BRITANNIA.

I. 3.

What urgent cause provokes the fray,
Whence thousands brave down tumble to the tomb?
Why form, in hostile, desperate array,
Sires fronting sons by strictest lineage bound,
And vengeful deal alternate ruin round?
O dire resource from dire impending doom!
Why have I born and rear'd a race,
To strength mature and high renown;
Who now affect to spurn my kind embrace,
To bare my brow of this imperial crown:—
Why careful shelter'd their dependent state,
From tyrant-power, from all the storms of fate?
How oft, for you, has teem'd my richest store!
How oft my choicest blood been given to flow,
Stream'd round the torrid line, and stain'd with gore,
At either pole, the pure eternal snow!
Then, from this arm can ye essay
To wrest the fasces of my sway?
Then, servile own a despot's stern control;
Or rage with boundless lust while demagogues may
prowl?

II. 1.

With dauntless breast and tearless eye,
Oft have I heard the shout of war,
Resounding dreadful from afar,
And rock the earth and rend the sky:—

THE TEARS OF BRITANNIA. 113

Have seen the dark-brow'd Spaniard haughty tower,
 To seize, at once, my ancient, rightful reign:—
 The victor-Gaul, with fierce, resistless power,
 Wide whelm the land, insult me on my main:—
 The groaning world obey
 Usurp'd, tyrannic sway.
 I rous'd my thunders, dash'd Iberia's pride,
 Shook Gallia's shores from high Pyrene's steep,
 To Alpine bounds, full many a region wide;
 Thence Latium's realms to th' Adrian deep.
 In every clime I broke
 Oppression's galling yoke;
 And swell'd the Danube's mighty flood,
 With Gallic and Bavarian blood.
 Germania's principedoms hail'd my sovereign name.
 All northern Europe rung my joyful loud acclaim.

Srophe 2. l. 5. *Have seen the dark-brow'd Spaniard, &c.*
 Alluding more particularly to the Spanish Armada.

Str. 2. l. 17. *And swell'd the Danube's mighty flood, &c.*
 The conquests of the renown'd Marlborough, when the two
 houses of Austria and Bourbon with the Elector of Bavaria
 were contending for the right of succession to the crown of
 Spain, on the death of Charles II. Great Britain preserved
 the balance between these rival powers, checked the alarm-
 ing progress and ambition of France at this time, and by
 these means asserted the liberties of all Europe.

II. 2.

Now white-wing'd Peace, at my command,
 O'er earth and sea her sceptre sway'd :
 Ambition sheath'd his crimson blade,
 And quench'd his war-inflaming brand.
 To either India stretch'd my potent arms,
 Made eastern monarchs cease their cruel broils ;
 Snatch'd from the tyrant's scourge and dread alarms,
 My Atalanta and her ocean-isles.
 Now o'er my empire wide,
 My Laws and Arts preside,
 In smiling Liberty's auspicious ray ;
 While sacred Science points their steady aim :
 But here freeborn they shine in full display,
 And first distinguish Albion's fame.
 Now pour a thousand shores
 Their tributary stores ;
 And Commerce loads each rolling stream,
 Protected by my power supreme :
 Nor rolls that tide, nor blows that hollow gale,
 But wafts to Britain's coast his proudly swelling sail !

Antist. 2. l. 7. *Snatch'd from the tyrant's scourge, &c.* The cruelty of the Spaniards to the natives of America, and the horrors of the inquisition exercised among the colonists : from which arbitrary tyranny they were in a great measure delivered, when they became subject to Great Britain, and their personal liberties better secured by the famous law of the *Habeas Corpus*.

II. 3.

Behold my gilded towers arise !
 My peopled streets their glittering length extend ;
 And far emblaze my cloudy northern skies !
 But why, by tinsel'd glare, is thus depress'd
 The British spirit in a Briton's breast ?
 Why Freedom's sons to avarice descend ?
 Ah ! see, what monstrous form appears,
 With aspect fair to human view ;
 Amid yon wealthy pomp her crest she rears
 Of specious state, her train of horrid hue !
 Vain, smiling radiance gilds her lying brow ;
 Behind her, black, eternal tempests blow !
 Bred in the storm what miscreated rout,
 Blast all the bloom with pestilential breath,
 And rend th' affrighted air with jarring shout ?
 'Tis Treason, Rapine, Fraud, Rebellion, Death.
 O Luxury ! too well I know,
 By these thy brood, my deadliest foe.
 And am I doom'd to feel thy wasteful sway !
 And see Britannia's realms thus prove thy desperate prey ?

III. 1.

That scorpion-scourge I see thee wield,
 Than plague or sword more fatal far ;
 To which, who brav'd the bolts of war,
 Have still been found at length to yield.

Thus Græcia's sober states in concord join'd,
 Triumphant baffled the Barbarian name;
 When Asia's hosts with Afric's fleets combin'd,
 To raze their memory from the rolls of fame:
 Till strife their spirit broke,
 And gold impos'd the yoke.
 Thus, sunk the splendor of imperial Rome,
 Down, down th' abyss of deep, eternal night.
 Thus, wealthiest realms have ever wrought their doom,
 To ruin plunged from conquest's height.
 How short, how weak the span
 Of grandeur rear'd by man!
 That, soon as gain'd its destin'd prime,
 Fast verges to the wreck of Time!

Str. 3. l. 7. *When Asia's hosts, &c.*] The memorable expedition of the Persians and Carthaginians against Græce. While the former poured in millions over the Hellespont, the latter attacked the Grecian colonies in the Mediterranean, investing Sicily with a numerous fleet. Both these prodigious armaments were speedily demolished by the invincible valour of the confederate Greeks.

It was the professed design of these invaders to extinguish the very name of the Greeks, by destroying the whole race, and all the monuments of their martial and literary fame.

— l. 9. *Till strife their spirit broke, &c.*] Chiefly the long and ruinous Peloponnesian war, posterior to the Persian invasion; in which the social states of Græce were mutually embroil'd by the assuming superiority of the two jealous belligerent rivals, Athens and Lacedæmon, each by turns aspiring at universal empire. By which unnatural war they were so weakened and dispirited, that they suffered themselves to be corrupted by barbaric gold; and soon after were for ever humbled by the boundless power of the Macedonian monarchy.

THE TEARS OF BRITANNIA. 117

But far, ye Gods! far distant be such fate,
From this my fav'rite Isle, from Britain's sov'reign state!

III. 2.

Yet, ah! what omens dark and drear,
What stars with baleful influence shine,
To general laws my lot consign,
And force afresh this bitter tear!
How swells my tortur'd breast, how deeply wound:
Th' envenom'd stings of anguish and despair!
While hostile Terrors scowling hem me round,
And Faction's fiends my throbbing vitals tear!
With blind, distracted rage,
Their rabble-broils they wage,
And daring shake the high, imperial throne.
Infuriate man! who still requir'st the rein;
To work thy woe and ruin ever prone;
No equal mean canst thou maintain,
Nor knowest to esteem:
But 'tempting each extreme,
Disdaining Reason's lawful check,
Fall'st headlong 'mid the common wreck!
O worst corruption from the noblest cause,
When boundless Liberty can safe arraign the laws!

III. 3.

Ambition see, with frontless pride,
Assuming honour's prostituted name,
With insult plum'd, and heaven and earth deride;
To glut his lust betray the common-weal,

118 THE TEARS OF BRITANNIA:

And far around him desolation deal!
 Of human-kind th' eternal scourge and shame!
 Why hast thou conquer'd to my bane,
 For wealth accurst; yet fail'd t' impart
 That LIGHT divine to all my wide domain,
 Best form'd to gain and humanize the heart,
 Make discord, ravage and sedition cease,
 And league the nations in harmonious peace?
 See still my vassal'd states in darkness groan,
 Nor share but slavery from thy barbarous sway,
 Or splendid crimes in Nature's reign unknown,
 Whose blaze outshines the heavenly, fainting ray.
 How long shall thy devouring might,
 Against divine and human right,
 Insatiate rage wherever Ocean roars,
 And deluge deep with blood all earth's remotest shores?

IV. 1.

What groans o'er India's vales were heard,
 When Avarice, thy fell compeer,

Epode 3. l. 14. *Nor share but slavery, &c.*] The inhuman practice of enslaving the Indians, and keeping them in wilful ignorance, merely for the purposes of avarice and ambition.

Str. 4. l. 1. *What groans o'er India's vales, &c.*] The dreadful famine that raged in Bengal in the year 1770, by which more than three millions of the natives perished:—occasioned chiefly by drought, and by the avarice of the Europeans, who, by force and by fraud, amassed all the provisions into large magazines for their own use.

There furious sped with swift career,
 And Famine's meagre form uprear'd?
 What millions fell beneath his dire control,
 Their lifeless corpes o'er their fields bestrown;
 Torn from their dying grasp the scanty dole
 Of plenteous stores their toil severe had won?
 What horrid heaps of dead
 'Midst Ganges' billows bled?
 A thousand leagues, with human carnage dy'd,
 Red roll'd his venerated, magic stream;
 Washing his fair Elysian frontiers wide,
 And sounding high in state supreme.
 Wild Scythian fury dread
 Ne'er half the havoc shed
 O'er infidel, barbarian plains,
 Where anarchy despotic reigns,
 That marks the rout, abominable, foul
 With every stain of guilt, while Europe's pirates prow!

IV. 2.

Epflam'd with lust of Chilian ore,
 How merciless Iberja hurl'd
 Destruction thro' the western world;
 Drench'd half the ravag'd globe with gore!
 How Nature's generous, independent race
 With clasping arms received the murderous band!

Str. 4. l. 12. *Red roll'd his venerated magic stream.*] The
 Indians worship the water of the Ganges, and believe that,
 by plunging in it, they are purified from all their sins.

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Till stab'd and plunder'd in their false embrace,
They rue the hour that brought their keels astrand.
How throbs each Indian heart
With horror's tort'ring smart,
Indignant execrates Europa's fame,
Distinguish'd chief by butchery and spoil;
Abjures, abominates the Christian name
Disgrac'd by avarice and guile!
From these Ambition's bane,
The hapless tawny train
Still dread their worst, completest woes;
These ever deem the fellest foes,
That cruel chain them hard in slavery's thrall:—
Nor racks, nor flames can more th' unconquer'd soul
appal.

IV. 3.

Why thus my sovereign Power distain'd
By such oppressive, execrable trade;
That once triumphant, tyrant-rage restrain'd,
That pierc'd thro' sullen Servitude's domain,
Extending Liberty's propitious reign,
With man's unalienable rights display'd?
Why dare insidious, selfish knaves,
Embroid and lacerate the state;—
Why hireling sophisters and party-slaves
My councils vex by jarring, dull debate?

THE TEARS OF BRITANNIA. 121

Who, more shall my degenerate fame admire,
My faith revere, my friendly league desire,
When vile Venality my empire sways,
When pimps and parasites to wealth and birth
Inherit power, emolument and praise
Deny'd to merit, patriot-zeal and worth?
Ah! Britain—rear'd to glory's height—
Now shook by thy unwieldy weight.—”
But bursting sighs repress'd the broken strain:—
She sudden soar'd aloft and vanish'd o'er the main,

ODE to FAME.

THOU, Goddess! of the clarion loud,
Who raisest, from the vulgar croud,
Thy chosen votary to fame,
Through distant ages bid'st his name
Resound, with ever growing praise,
Recorded in immortal lays!
Ne'er, led thy dupe or cringing slave,
May I thy random favours crave;
Vain, court applausive clamour strong,
Rais'd by the undiscerning throng,
Still various as the veering wind,
By no determin'd law confin'd.

How abject he! who thee pursues
By means unworthy of the Muse,
Who bids her sneak in servile guise,
And pour that praise the heart denies;
Obsequious wait at Fortune's shrine,
And pay her honours all divine.

Sweet Power of song! I own thy flame,
My private bliss, my public shame,
Ah! ne'er may I approach thy fane,
Its hallow'd porticos distain,
Rude pull the bays that round it blow,
And plant them on Ambition's brow!

The laurels from thy temple torn,
Too oft, alas! his front adorn;
Whose lustre shews its horrid line
All-charming to the dazzled view;
Exalts the fellest fiends of earth,
As heroes of renown and worth.
Such praise, tho' thou, obsequious Fame!
Resoundest wide, may I disclaim!
Perish the vice-adorning verse!
Nor ever tongue its base rehearse,
Tho' flowing from the sweetest lyre,
Tho' genius, wit, the strain inspire!

Might e'er it prove my happier boast,
To trim one wreath by Virtue lost,
To aid fallen Truth amid her foes,
Their falsehood, as a friend expose,
To break or blunt their poison'd dart,
To sooth the honest, tender heart,
By Fate afflictive doom'd to groan,
Unpitied, comfortless, unknown;
If such desert can glory gain,
May I thy favours not disdain.
If thou to this thy meed refuse,
I stand devoted to the Muse;
Still, paying adoration due,
Still, to her love and honour true;

Desire with her, resign'd to go,
 To share her weal or tender woe;
 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
 Of sordid lucre and renown.
 Be mine to seek that purer praise,
 Which Worth sagacious justly pays;
 If conscience bid, to keep the stage,
 Tho' hostile Vice and Folly rage;
 Aspire those heaven-sprung bays to gain,
 Which Virtue's friends alone obtain,
 Which only can fair fame bestow,
 Which bloom eternal on her champion's brow.

HYMN TO DIVINE LOVE.

I.

CELESTIAL, soul-ennobling Flame!

From Deity effulgent sprung,
What numbers can thy power proclaim;
From angel's harp or seraph's tongue,
That sudden wings immortal mind,
To leave unnumberd flying worlds behind!

II.

Instinct with thy ethereal fire,
In wonder wrapt it mounts on high,
Inflam'd with ardent, new desire,
To range its empyræan sky;
Indulging rapturous thought sublime,
The while forgetful of this earthly clime.

III.

Now, led by Faith of eagle-eye,
In converse with Almighty Power;
Shall aught of mortal Vanity
Intrude upon the sacred hour,
Unhallow'd, dare profane the shrine,
Dare to annoy the intercourse divine!

IV.

Ah! how forlorn that earth-chain'd soul,
Whom pure Perfection cannot move.

To burst its shameful, mean control,
 To burn with ecstasy of love!
 How lost to all its highest joy,
 While sensual cares its thoughts can sole employ!

V.
 Fast pinion'd 'mid the putrid maze,
 How shall it serve its noblest end,
 Exult to sing its Author's praise,
 To adoration's glow ascend!
 How rise with energy divine,
 While careless wallowing in Mammon's mine!

VI.
 Pure Flame! chief solace of the mind
 Here haras'd 'mid the bleak sojourn!
 Nor must it yet all perfect find
 The pleasures of thy influence born;
 Till purified from earthly mold,
 In full display it may thy blaze behold!

VII.
 How feebly moral Virtue moves,
 Till thou her every deed inspire!
 How firm and how ennobled proves,
 Enliven'd by thy sacred fire!
 How strengthen'd, to support her course,
 By steady piety's exhaustless force!

HYMN to BENEVOLENCE.

BENEVOLENCE! thou son of Heaven,
Of bounteous hand and liberal mind;

By Providence to mortals given,
The cords of social bliss to bind,
Illume their clouded sphere below,
To heal the wound and blunt the dart of woe!

II.

Vain, helpless man! shalt thou reverse
Thy gracious Patron's aim and end,
Thy kind behold with aspect fierce,
On whom thou must so much depend;
When countless ills thy heart may grieve,—
Thy wants still urge to give and to receive?

III.

Canst thou, presumptuous, from above,
For favour or forgiveness call;
Thy soul not warm'd with friendly love,
Not wishing bliss supreme to all?
Thy arrogance and prayers profane,
Benevolence shall hear with just disdain.

IV.

Shalt thou avenge or judge thy foe,
Presume to scan the secret heart;—
Thou, weak and erring, dare to throw
Omnipotence's ponderous dart;
Nor pity that devoted head
Which haply waits its gathering vengeance dread?

V.

Propitious Power! 'tis thy design
That Happiness may rule supreme:
And sure, his worth is most divine,
Who most promotes thy generous scheme,
Who, Misery's shafts on earth destroys,
And leads the soul to pure, immortal joys.

VI.

How blest that heart! and how serene!
That feels thy influence benign
To sooth each pang of malice mean,
Each social instinct to refine;
That, piteous, human weakness bears,
Forgets its private 'midst the public cares!

VII.

But how must still its rapture rise,
To make the bleeding breast rejoice,
To wipe the mourner's tearful eyes,
To hear his grateful, faltering voice

Imploring Heaven to bless the deed!—
And Heaven affirms such prayers may most succeed.

VIII.

Thou sky-commission'd Prince of peace!
Thou universal friend of man!
How soon should Sorrow's ravage cease,
Could all pursue thy purpos'd plan;
Could all exert but mutual love,
How earth might emulate thy realms above!

THE VISION OF DEATH.

A CELTIC ODE.

I.

STERN stalking o'er Morvena's heath,
I mark'd the meagre form of Death:
Red, like the light'ning's glance,
Around him flash'd his lance,
Wide streak'd the raven-front of Night.
As glares the moon with face of fire,
O'er snow-clad Cromla's misty height;
So flam'd his crimson shield, and shed confusion dire.

II.

"Tomorrow's sun shall see, he cried,
This bleak and lonesome desert dy'd
With streams of human gore.
Now hastening to the shore,
The hosts of Lochlin cleave the wave,
To meet the Lord of Isles with speed:
At morn shall many a warrior brave,
Chief headlong hurl'd on chief, beneath my faulchion
bleed.

III.

Long, anxious on the rocky strand,
 Shall Lochlin's blue-ey'd daughters stand;
 Prepar'd, with songs to greet
 The swift-returning fleet.
 Vain hope! no more shall they descry
 Afar the slowly-rising sail,
 Where ocean mingles with the sky. —
 Loud to the weltering waves shall pour their fruitless
 wail.

IV.

In Ullin's halls, the Bard shall raise
 The notes of never-dying praise,
 To Ullin fierce in fight,
 To all his men of might,
 From th' isles of song and freedom led
 To combat on Morvena's heath,
 To check th' invading foe, and spread
 Their lifeless, sever'd limbs a prey to victor-Death."

O D E

To the Memory of the late

MR GRAY of CAMBRIDGE,

Author of The BARD and other Poems.

I.

MUTE is the voice of the lyre,
That late was heard from * Snowdon's height,
Breathing æthereal fire,
The strains of sorrow's dread delight.
Amid the morn, the Bard was born
On eagle-wing, with eagle-eye,
The curse to trace of Edward's race,
In distant, dark futurity :
He reach'd the Muse's higher tracts of light,
Beheld her radiant form that dazzles vulgar sight.

II.

Warbling on † Helicon's mount,
He sails sublime on Music's stream,
Pour'd from the full-flowing fount;
Now richly roll'd in state supreme,

* *The Bard*, a Pindaric Ode.

† *The Progress of Poesy*.

And smooth and deep; now down the steep,
 He rides the torrent, rapid, loud;
 With equal force he holds his course,
 Half hid within the foamy cloud.
 To suit each motion solemn, swift or gay,
 He strikes the magic shell, the native notes obey.

III.

* Now in contemplative mood,
 He sits a solitary sage,
 Far 'mid the deep of the wood,
 Safe from the sun's meridian rage.
 With seraph-eye he sees from high
 The transient tumults of the great;
 Like th' insect-cloud at noon-tide, proud,
 Gay buzzing, heedless of their fate,
 Till wakes the watery breeze, and drowns their
 mirth,
 Wide sweeps the silent swarm low, lifeless, o'er the
 earth.

IV.

Now at † Adversity's shrine,
 He invokes the rigid Power,
 Views her a Goddess divine,
 Submiss reveres her heavy hour;

* Ode to the Spring.

† Ode to Adversity, and that on a Distant Prospect of
 Eton College.

By Heaven design'd to tame mankind,
 To check their pride, this truth to shew,
 That all are born to err, to mourn,
 By patient discipline and woe
 That Virtue's votaries must earn her prize,
 Of rapturous bliss reserv'd amid th' eternal skies.

V.

'Mers'd in dread ominous dream,
 Hark! how he chants the runic rhyme,
 Wild as the wildering theme!
 Inspir'd with Druid-rage sublime,
 He dares explore the * cave of gore,
 To see the wayward Sisters ply
 The loom of hell, with mutter'd spell
 Close join'd in thrilling harmony.
 In † Odin's spirit rapt from mortal sight,
 He hies to Hela's shrine, and reams the realms of night.

VI.

Lonely, at close of the day,
 Behold him musing o'er the tomb,
 Warbling the ‡ funeral lay,
 Amid the slowly gathering gloom.—
 Thy strain shall raise the peasant's praise,
 When sculptur'd monuments shall fade,

* The Fatal Sisters. † The Descent of Odin.

‡ Elegy written in a Country Church-yard.

When marble bust, in mouldering dust
 Lies long thro' wasting time decay'd.—
 But ah! the heavenly harp is heard no more,
 From heedless earthly ears Death locks its sacred store.

VII.

Still to the train of the Muse,
 Thou, lofty Bard! shalt be endear'd :
 None of her choir shall refuse
 His tribute to thy fame rever'd.
 Till latest time, thy song sublime
 Shall ravish each ennobled mind,
 Which verse can charm or virtue warm,
 Above the vulgar tribe refin'd.
 Thou, with the * Master of th' Æolian lay,
 High on the Theban throne, shalt bear an equal sway.

* Pindar.

